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WORKS OF CARDINAL MAI.

CLASSICI AUCTORES EX CODICIBUS VATICANIS EDITI, CURANTE ANGELO MAI.
10 VOL. in 8mo, ROMÆ, 1828—1838.

ALL the world has heard of the valuable discoveries, which, during the last twenty years, have been made by Cardinal Mai, formerly Prefect of the Ambrosian Library at Milan, and afterwards of the Vatican at Rome. But, few persons know what these discoveries consist of, or the authors, sacred and profane, whom he has, partially or wholly, rescued from oblivion. We have, therefore, deemed it useful, as well as agreeable, to present our readers with the list of those works.

The publications of Cardinal Mai are composed particularly of two collections, each of ten volumes, under the title of *Classici Auctores*, and *Scriptorum veterorum nova collectio*.

TOMUS I.—Romæ, typis Vaticanis, 1828.

1. *The frontispiece* contains all the persons who figure in the *Dia-*

logue of Cicero on the Republic. Then comes the dedicatory epistle to Leo XII.

2. *The Preface*, in which the author traces the plan of this new collection; then comes the argument of the first volume, or a fragment from the commentary of Proculus on the tenth book of *The Republic*, in which Plato speaks of *the fable of the resurrection of Eros*. Other fragments of Proculus are found among the notes of the editor.

3. *The Preface* of the first edition of *The Republic*, where he gives a long dissertation on the work and its discovery.

4. *Prorographia*, or notice of all the characters introduced into the dialogues.

5. Testimonies of ancient authors on the work of Cicero.

6. Remarks on the loss of the beginning of the work.

7. *Paleographical specimen* of the

character of the writing in which it was discovered.

8. *Ciceronis Librorum VI. de Republicâ Reliquiæ*, in which are added and put together the ancient fragments that were known, with exegetical and historical notes, and contents of each book.

9. Fragments of Proculus on the conversation of souls separated from their bodies, in Greek.

10. *Indices*, historical and orthographical, of the *Republic* of Cicero.

11. Fragments of *Gargilius Martialis de arboribus pomiferis*, with notes, &c.

12. Fragments of the third book of the *History of Sallust*, already known, but imperfectly, by some learned men; and a *fac simile*, and a comparison with the faulty editions.

13. Fragments of *Archimedes: Of bodies floating on the waters, or the equilibrium of bodies plunged into a liquid*; of which there was but a translation into Latin.

TOMUS II.—Romæ, typis Vaticanis, 1828.

This volume contains all the fragments of Cicero (the *Republic* excepted) which were recently discovered, as well as numerous ancient interpreters on some parts of his speeches. The division is as follows:—

1. *Specimen* of the handwriting of the speech against Verres.

2. *Preface* on the ancient interpreters of Cicero, whose names or writings have come down to us.

3. *Specimen* of the writing of ancient interpreter.

4. Ancient commentary on the following orations:—*Pro Flacco*; *Cum Senatui gratias egit*; *Cum populo gratias egit*; *Pro Plancis*; *Pro Milone*, with a fragment of the speech of Zeli; *Pro Sextio*; *in Vatinius*; *in Clodium et Curionem*; *de ære alieno Milonis*; *de Rege Alexandri-*

no; *Pro Archia*; *Pro Sylla*, with a fragment of a discourse of *C. Gracchus*.

5. *Scholies ad Catilianarium IV.*; *Pro Marcello*; *Pro Ligario*; *Pro Dejotaro*.

6. A part of the oration *Pro Scauro*.

7. A part of the oration *Pro Tullio*.

8. Fragments of the oration *Pro Milone*; *Pro Fontelo*; *Pro Rabino*.

9. Historical index of *latinity* and *paleography*.

10. *Orationum in C. Verrem actionis ii. partes*.

TOMUS III.—Romæ, typis Vaticanis, 1831.

Before the discoveries of Cardinal Mai, there were but three Latin mythographers known, viz:—Hyginus, Fabius Fulgentius Planciades, and Lactantius Placidus. He has found three others; and this is the most curious part of this volume, which is divided thus:—

1. *Preface* on the new mythographers, and on some very ancient fragments of Juvenal and Persius, with a specimen of a fragment of the 18th satyre of the former.

2. Index of authors cited by the mythographers.

3. Index of contents of these mythographers.

4. *Mythographus Primus*, distributed into three books.

5. *Mythographus Secundus*, and supplement.

6. *Mythographus tertius diis gentium et illorum allegoriis*. Supplement to the same. The author is a Christian of the ninth or tenth century, and was probably named Leontius.

7. *Fabulæ Novæ sub Phædri nomine*, Neapoli ante hos annos ex detrito codice multis cum lacunis, incertisque lectionibus, vulgatæ, nunc autem sine ullo defectu ant ambiguitate ex integerrimo codice Vaticano

editæ; with a letter of Nicholaus Perrotius.

8. Fragment of Phædrus, with a notice.

9. *A. M. Severini Boëtaū incipit communis speculatio de Rhetoricæ cognitione; ejusdem locorum Rhetoricorum distinctio*; in Boethium de consolatione philosophiæ, lib. iii. met. ix. *Commentarius*.

10. *Franconis ex opere de quadratera circuli specimen*.

11. Supplement to the book of Cassiodorus *de artibus et disciplinis liberalium litterarum*.

12. *Carmina de Viris illustribus Romanis*, tam consilibus quam Imperatoribus et Regibus.

13. *Martini Bracarenis Episcopi de origine idolorum*.

14. *Incipit liber junioris philosophi in quo continetur totius orbis descriptio*, before edited, in part, by Gothofredus, at Geneva, 1628.

15. *Gargilii Martialis de promissis, sive Medicina ex pomis*.

16. *Incipiunt glossæ Placidi grammatici*; or explanations of certain Latin words.

17. *Metrorii Maximini de longis et brevibus, etc. etc.*

TOMUS IV.—Romæ, typis Vaticanis, 1831.

1. Preface on the authors whose works or fragments are found in this volume.

2. Fragment of the monk Mercurius on pulsations. *περι σφυγμων*.

3. Unpublished books of the medical collection of Oribasius, in Greek only. These are the 44, 45, 48, and 49 books of Oribasius, a celebrated physician, who flourished under Julian. The fragments consist of extracts from more ancient Greek physicians, as preserved by Oribasius.

4. Fragment of the physician Rufus.

5. Index of the physicians cited in the preceding works.

6. Unpublished letters of the sophist Procopius. Sixty of these letters had been published before by Adams. Cardinal Mai discovered one hundred and four others, which he edited in Greek only, because their merit consists more in the purity and finish of style than in the substance they contain. Procopius lived in the year 520. There is a fragment of two pages on a refutation of Proclus.

7. Notice on the 24 and 25 books of Oribasius.

8. *Isai de hereditate Cleonymi oratio*; in Greek and Latin. Isaus de Chalcis lived in 330. This discourse had been published, but in a very mutilated condition, by Aldus.

9. *Themistii Philosophi oratio in eos a quibus, ob præfecturam suspectam fuerat vituperatus*; in Greek and Latin, with notes. Phocius numbered thirty-six discourses of this orator, of which we had thirty-three; this makes the thirty-fourth, and contains very curious details concerning the reign of Theodosius the Great. There is, besides, a funeral oration on his father.

10. *Porphyrîi Philosophi ad Marcellam*; Greek and Latin, with notes. This is a treatise of moral by Porphyry, addressed to his wife, Marcella.

11. *Philonis de Cophinî festo; de honorandis parentibus; selectæ quæstiones in Exodum*; Greek and Latin, with notes.

12. Translation of an *Egyptian papyrus*, from the Greek.

13. *Aristides oratio adversus Demosthenem de immunitate*; Greek and Latin. And a fragment.

14. A collection of *Atticisms*.

TOMUS V.—Romæ, typis Vaticanis, 1833.

1. Specimen of a fragment, On the Virtues.

2. Preface on the Contents of this Volume.

3. Index of authors cited by the grammarian Virgilius.

4. Index of the latinity of the same.

5. Some words of the grammarian Probus.

6. Index of authors cited by Aldhelmus.

7. *De octo partibus orationes ex codice Bibli. Regiæ Neapolitanæ auctore Virgilio Marone Grammatico.* This author was totally unknown. From his works, we learn that he was a Gaul of the city of Toulouse, and probably flourished under the first race of French kings. His work is very curious.

8. *Excerpta quædam ex grammaticis priscis.*

9. *Grammaticus antiquissimis literis in Vaticana codice scriptis;* written in a polished style, and in the Latin of the best times. The author mentions no writer posterior to Pliny the younger, and the Cardinal thinks that he was the grammarian Probus.

10. *Abbonis Floriacensis questiones grammaticales.* The author was an Englishman, of the tenth century.

11. Translations of two Egyptian papyri, written in Greek. Two petitions of the guardian of the god Astartens in the grand Serapeum of Memphis, addressed to King Ptolemy and his sister Cleopatra.

12. Papyrus of Ravenna, in Latin.

13. *Epistola S. Serapionis Episc. Thmuitani ad Eudoxium Episc.,* under the emperor Constantius; in Greek and Latin.

14. *S. Paulini Episc. Nolani,* carmen i. Ad Deum post conversionem et baptismum suum; carmen ii. Ad Deum de domesticis suis calamitatibus; with notes.

15. i. *Victorini de Nativitate, vite, passione et resurrectione Domini carmen;* supposed to be Victorinus of Marseilles, who lived in the fifth century. ii. *In epigrammata S. Prosperi ex sententiis S. Augustini.* iii. *Ald-*

helmi Episc. Schirburnensis de basilica ædificata a Bugge, filia Regis Angliæ. iv. *S. Benedicti Crispiarchi Mediolanensis poematum medicum* in diocenu suo scriptum. v. *Epitaphium Cadual Regis Anglo-Saxonum* a Benedicto Archiep. compositum. vi. *Hibernici Exulis versus* ad Karolum Imp. vii. *Carmina varia ævi Karolini.* viii. *Joannis sapientissimi seu Scoti versus* ad Karolum Calvum. ix. *Hinemari carmen dogmaticum* ad Beatam Virginem. x. *Carmina alia antiqua.* xi. *De Amphitryone et Alemanâ poema.*

16. *Hesperica famina,* latinitatis inusitatæ vel arcanæ opusculum.

17. *S. Aldhelmi de Septenario et de re grammaticâ* ad Uricium Regem, in 685.

18 Letters in Greek, from an Egyptian papyrus.

TOMUS VI.—Romæ, typis Collegii Urbani, 1834.

1. Preface on the matter contained in the volume.

2. Procopius on the Book of Genesis.—Procopius himself informs us that he had executed two great works on the Genesis. In the first, he collected on each question quotations from the ancient fathers and ecclesiastical writers. In the second, which is an abridgment of the former, he gives an analysis of the sentiments of the Fathers. It is the latter which Cardinal Mai publishes. It comprises very important data, as well in dogma as in biblical criticism. Procopius treats, with great erudition, of the nature of the world; of the birth of man; of free will; of original sin; of the first homicide; of the deluge; of the theory of the propagation and dispersion of the human race. He lived in the sixth century, and of course the doctrine he teaches was that of his age, and of those that preceded.

3. Of the Canticle of Canticles. It is not certain that it is the work of

Procopius. It is very inferior to the Commentary on Genesis.

4. Ancient *Scholia* on the gospel of St. Matthew, and that of St. Mark. The author of these *scholia* is unknown. They consist of questions on the most difficult words of each text.

5. *Glossarium Vetus*, containing the explanation of many Latin words, either obsolete or new.

6. A more correct and complete edition of the *Glossæ Placidi*.

7. Index of authors cited in the Ancient Lexicon.

8. Different specimens of some other Latin lexicons.

TOMUS VII.—Romæ, typis Collegii Urbani.

1. Preface on the contents of this volume.

2. Geographical chart of the expeditions of Alexander.

3. *Itinerarium Alexandri*, extract from a MS. of the Ambrosian library, before, in part, edited by Muratori, (*Antiq. Ital. Diss.* 44,) and now published at large, with copious notes. The anonymous author lived under Constantius in the fourth century.

4. Index of the principal contents of this itinerary.

5. *Julii Valerii res gestæ Alexandri Macedonis*, translated ex Æsopo-Græco. Valerius wrote, it would appear, in the fourth century. This work, together with some fables, presents some precious details on Egyptian sciences.

6. Index of the principal contents of the former work.

7. *Veterum Interpretum in Virgilium Maronem commentarium fragmenta*. These commentaries, found in Verona, are precious on account of their antiquity.

8. List of interpreters and writers cited, and a table of contents.

9. *Cynthii Cenetensis in Virgilium Æneidem Commentarius*; extract from a MS. of Milan, by a some-

what modern author, but by whom certain extracts are preserved from forgotten authors.

10. Index of authors quoted by Cynthius.

11. *Dynamediorum libri duo*; work of a Latin physician, unknown both as to name and time, but pure in style. It treats particularly of the quality of plants.

12. *Historiæ Romanæ Fragmenta*; by an unknown author, not distinguished for learning, but affording some new facts. These fragments refer to the wars of Mithridates, of the Cimbri, of Marius, Sylla, Sestorius, the gladiators, &c.

13. *Ars domni Bonifacii Arch. Moguntini et Martyris*; a treatise on grammar, written in 1255.

14. *Glossæ Antiquæ*; explanation of some Latin words.

15. *Excerpta ex antiquissimo libro physiologo*; a fragment of a work written in the fourth century, and ranked among apocryphal books by Pope Gelasius in these terms:—"Liber physiologus qui ab hæreticis conscriptus est, et Beati Ambrosii nomine præsignatur." It was supposed to have been entirely lost.

TOMUS VIII.—Romæ, typis Collegii Urbani, 1836.

1. Preface.

2. Index.

3. *Thesaurus Novus Latinitatis, sive Lexicon vetus*, e membranis nunc primum editum; a Latin dictionary, remarkable for an abundance of words, number of examples taken from the ancients, and derivations and analogies. The author, either a Frenchman or an Englishman, lived towards the twelfth century. An important work in philology.

4. Index of authors quoted in the *Thesaurus*.

TOMUS IX.—Romæ, typis Collegii Urbani.

1. Preface on the contents.

2. Προκοπίου Χριστ-ερμηνεία εἰς τὰς παροιμίας; a mystic and moral explanation of the Proverbs of Solomon; in Greek.

3. Of the same. Collection of various Fathers on the Canticle of Canticles. These fathers are Apollinaris, Cyril of Alexandria, Didymus, Eusebius of Cæsarea, Gregory of Nyssa, Isadore, Nilus, Origen, Philo-Carpathrensis, Procopius of Gaza, Theodoret, Theophilus, and one anonymous.

4. Fragment of *Carpus*.

5. A continuation of the *Scholia* on St. Matthew and St. Mark, inserted in the sixth volume.

6. Greek commentary on the metaphysics of Aristotle, by Herrennius, who lived under Dioclesian, and was a Christian.

7. Γεωργίου Σφαντζή χρονικὸν μικρὸν, in Greek only; a chronicle of George Sphantz, extending from 1401 to 1477, and is very interesting.

TOMUS X. et ultimus.—Romæ, typis Collegii Urbani, 1838.

1. Dedication to his eminence the Cardinal Lambruschini.

2. Preface to the edition on the new works contained in this volume, of St. Cyril and other fathers.

3. St. Cyril, on the gospel of Luke.

4. Cyprian (probably of Antioch) on Penance.

5. Fragment of Eutychius, probably Patriarch of Constantinople, in the sixth century.

6. Fragment of Eulogios, on the two turtles.

7. Fragment of a commentary on St. Luke, by Athanasius, Archbishop of Corinth, in the tenth century.

14. Another fragment of S. Cyril.

15. Fragment of the monk Arsenius, (under Theodosius,) against the "tempter of the law."

16. Fragment of Ephrem, Patriarch of Antioch, in favor of the council of Chalcedon, and the epistle of St. Leo, the pope. (In the sixth century.)

17. Commentary of Gregory, priest of Antioch, on these words—"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," &c. He afterwards became Patriarch of Antioch, and died towards the year 594.

18. Discourse of John, monk and priest of the city of Eubœa, on the "Massacre of the Holy Innocents." He wrote towards the year 744.

19. Discourse of Timothy, priest of Jerusalem, on the prophecy of Simeon, and on these words of the gospel—"Now mayest thou dismiss thy servant in peace," &c.; and on the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God.

20. Homily of Eusebius, Archbishop of Alexandria, on the second coming of our Lord, Jesus Christ; and on the future judgment. This Eusebius appears to have been archbishop, not of Alexandria in Egypt, but in Syria.

21. Fragment of Origen, on Leviticus.

22. Discourse of Job (an author of the sixth century) on this question—"Why did the Son, and not the Father, or Holy Ghost, become man?"

23. Discourse of Hesychius, priest of Jerusalem, on the Presentation of our Saviour.

24. Other fragments of St. Cyril.

25. A general table of the ten volumes.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

CHRISTMAS ODE.

BY NICHOLAS J. KEEFE.

A JOYFUL strain, oh, let us sing,
To hail Redemption's morn,
And let hosannas loudly ring—
This day a Saviour's born.

Hark! heard you not that angel voice,
Address astonish'd earth?
It bids a fallen race rejoice,
In a Redeemer's birth.

Behold yon star, that gilds the skies,
Like rainbow 'mid the storm;
It points to where the infant lies—
A God, in childhood's form.

The Lord of majesty and might
Now dwells with men below;
He deigns to leave his throne of light,
Sin's reign to overthrow.

Behold! he comes on mercy's wing,
Commission'd from above;
The great, the blissful boon to bring,
Of all redeeming love.

The Lord, which prophets long foretold,
Has dawn'd the world upon;
A free-will offering we behold,
In God's incarnate Son.

Oh! what a test of love is here!
What proof of mercy giv'n;
What pure affection, truth sincere,
Vouchsaf'd to man by Heav'n!

A world corrupt, sunk 'neath the wave
Of foul Rebellion's sea,

Is rescued now, from out the grave
Of sin and misery.

The pow'rs of darkness shrink away,
All trembling with affright,
Before this great auspicious day—
This day of life and light.

Can mortal comprehension scan,
This holy truth divine?
Can angel, or less perfect man,
This mystery divine?

Faith is our guide, our day-star bright;
It shines with steady ray,
When Reason's weak and erring light
Grows dim, and fades away.

By faith, we know, Redemption's star
This day illumines the earth;
Then sound the tidings near and far,
Of a Messiah's birth.

Loud let the notes of praise arise,
This wond'rous day to sing;
And let the blue etherial skies
With joyous rapture ring.

Let the bright Cross, the Christian's trust,
Be fearlessly unfurl'd;
And let that standard of the just
Wave o'er a ransom'd world.

And may that world in concord be,
And all this doctrine hold—
That 'tis high Heav'n's unchang'd decree—
ONE LORD, ONE FAITH, ONE FOLD.

SOIRÉES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE COUNT DE MAISTRE.

BY REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

BOOK VI, CHAPTER III.

WHEN Newton published his famous book of *principles*, Locke, with that weakness and precipitancy which are, no matter what is said of him, the destructive character of his mind, hastened to declare that *he had learned in the incomparable book of the judicious Mr. Newton*, that God was master to do with matter what he pleased, and consequently that he could *communicate to it the power of acting at a distance*; and that therefore he could not fail to retract, and make his profession of faith in a new edition of the essay.*

Unfortunately the *judicious* Newton had flatly asserted, in one of his theological letters to Dr. Bentley, that the supposition of innate gravity, inherent and essential to matter, in such a manner that one body can act upon another at a distance, is to me *so great an absurdity* that I cannot see how a man, who enjoys the *common faculty* of meditating on physical objects, can admit it.† I am not in the least responsible for this blow applied to Locke by the hand of Newton. Depending on this high authority, I repeat, with renewed assurance, that, on the subject of which I have just spoken,

Locke did not understand himself any more than on that of gravitation—and nothing is more evident. The question between him and the bishop was to know *whether a being perfectly material could think or no*. Locke concludes that without revelation it is impossible for us to discover whether Omnipotence has not given to some system of matter fitly disposed a power to perceive and think, or else joined and fixed to matter fitly disposed a thinking immaterial substance.‡ You see, gentlemen, that is *much ado about nothing*. What does he mean? Who has ever denied that God can unite the thinking principle to organized matter? See what happens to materialists of every class: in attempting to sustain that matter thinks, they sustain, without being aware of it, that it can be united to the thinking substance; and this none denies. But Locke, if my memory does not entirely deceive me, has supported the identity of these two suppositions; in which we must admit, that if he is less guilty, he is more ridiculous.

I should like, nay, I have a right, to ask this philosopher, who has spoken so much about the senses, and who attributes so much to them, upon what ground he could decide that the *sight is the most instructive of our senses*?§

* The INCOMPARABLE book of the *judicious* Mr. Newton. The *judicious* Newton is like the *pretty* Corneille! Book iv. ch. iii. § 6, 149, note.

† Letters to Dr. Bentley, 3d letter, folio 1693.

‡ Book iv. ch. iii. § 6.

§ Book ii. 25, 12.

I have not time to enter into all his theory concerning *simples, complex, real, imaginary, adequate, &c.* Some proceeding from the senses, others from reflection! Nor to speak at leisure of *archetypical* ideas, a sacred word which the Platonicians had placed in heaven, but which the hardy Englishman has drawn down without knowing what he was doing. The reckless disciple soon seizes it, in his turn, to plunge it into the depths of his *esthetic* lowliness.

Locke is perhaps the only author known who has taken the trouble to refute his own entire book, or to pronounce it useless, in telling us that *all our ideas come by the senses, or by reflection*. But, who has ever denied that certain ideas come by the senses, and what is it that Locke wishes to teach? The number of simple perceptions being null compared to the incomparable combinations of thought, it stands demonstrated from the first chapter of his second book, that the immense majority of our ideas do not come by the senses. Whence, then, do they come? The question is embarrassing; and hence it is that his disciples, fearing the consequences, do not speak any more of reflection—which shews their prudence.*

Locke, having begun his book without reflection, and without profound knowledge of his subject, it is not astonishing that he is constantly beating the air. He had already laid down as a thesis, that all our ideas come from the senses, or from reflection. Struck by his bishop who followed him nigh, and perhaps too by his conscience, he was led to acknowledge, that *general ideas*, (which alone constitute an intelligent being,) *come not into the mind by sensation or reflection, but are*

the creatures or inventions of understanding,† consisting of a company of simple ideas combined.‡ If you wish to reduce these lofty conceptions to practice, consider, for example, the Church of St. Peter, at Rome. This is a *general* idea. But all, at bottom, reduces itself merely to stones, which are *simple* ideas. It is, therefore, no great theory, as you perceive. And yet the privilege of simple ideas is immense, since Locke has discovered, that they are *all real*, EXCEPT ALL. From this *exception*, he excepts only the first qualities of bodies.

But here admire, I pray you, the luminous track of Locke. He establishes first, that all our ideas come from the senses or from reflection, and he seizes this occasion to inform us, that *he understands*, by reflection, *the knowledge which the soul acquires of her different operations*.§ Then, applied to the torture of truth, he confesses, that *general ideas do not come from the senses or reflection, but are created*, or as he ridiculously expresses it, *INVENTED* by the human mind. But, reflection being thus expressly excluded by Locke, it follows that the human mind *invents* general ideas *without reflection*, that is to say, *without any knowledge or investigation of its operations*. But every idea which does not proceed from the commerce of the mind with external objects, nor from the labor of the mind upon itself, belongs necessarily to the substance of the mind. There are, therefore, innate ideas, anterior to all experience: I see no consequence more inevitable. But this should not astonish us. All writers who have contended against innate ideas, have found themselves led by the mere force of truth to make avowals more or less favorable to

* Condillac, *Art de Penser*, chap. i. *Logique*, ch. vii.

† Book ii. ch. xxii. § 3.

‡ Ibid. ii. ch. xxii. § 3.

§ Book ii. ch. i. § 4.

this system. I do not except Condillac, though of all philosophers of the eighteenth century, he has erred the most against his conscience. For the rest, I will not compare these two men together—their characters are totally different; one wants head—the other heart. Locke is entitled to our reproaches; for, how can he be exculpated from the charge of overturning morality—without knowing that he was attacking it—for the purpose of overturning innate ideas? In the depths of his heart he knew that he was guilty. *But, after all, he says, the greatest reverence is due to truth.** The most dangerous, perhaps, and the most criminal of all those fatal writers, who will never cease to accuse their age before posterity—the one who has employed most talent with the greatest *sang froid*, to do the most evil.—Hume tells us in one of his terrible essays, *that truth is before all things; that criticism proves but little candor respecting certain philosophers, which reproaches them with the blows their moral systems inflict upon morals and religion, and this injustice only serves to retard the discovery of truth.* But no man, but he could willingly deceive himself, could be a dupe to this perfidious sophism. No error can be useful, as no truth can be injurious. What deceives us on this point, is, that in the first case, we confound error with some element of truth which is mingled with it, and which tends to good, according to its nature, in spite of the mixture; and, in the second, we confound truth *announced* with truth *received*. Truth may, undoubtedly, be exposed imprudently, but it never injures, except because resisted; whereas, error, the knowledge of which can be useful only like that of persons, begins to be injurious the moment it is admitted under the mask of its divine enemy.

* *Reverence!* Book i. ch. iv. § 23.

It is injurious, then, *because it is received*; and truth is injurious only *because it is combatted against*. Thus, whatever is injurious of itself, is *false*; as, whatever is useful in itself, is *true*. Nothing is clearer to him who understands.

Blinded, however, by his pretended *respect for truth*, which is in such like cases a public delinquency disguised under a beautiful name, Locke, in the first book of his melancholy *Essay*, skims over history and travels, to make humanity blush. He cites dogmas and customs the most shameful. He forgets himself so far as to exhume from an unknown book a history that disgusts us; and he has the precaution to tell the reader, that the book being rare, he has thought proper to relate an anecdote in the very words of the author; and all this to establish the proposition, *that there is no innate morality.* It is a pity that he has forgotten to produce a *nosology* to demonstrate that there is no health.

In vain does Locke always interiorly agitated, seek to elude himself, by the express declaration which he makes, that by denying innate ideas, *he would not be mistaken, as if, because he denies an innate law, he thinks there is none but positive law.*† This is, as you see, a new combat between his conscience and prejudice. For, what is that natural law? If it is neither positive nor innate, where is its basis? Let him indicate a single argument available against the innate law, which has not equal force against the natural law. *This, he says, is honorable by the light of nature; that is, without the help of revelation.* But what is *the light of nature*? Does it come from men?—then it is positive: from God?—then it is innate.

Had Locke possessed more pene-

† Book ii. ch. iii. § 13.

tration, or written with more good faith, instead of saying—*whatsoever is innate must be universal in the strict sense, one exception is sufficient proof against it*,* therefore there is no innate idea, he would have concluded, on the contrary, *therefore it is innate for all who have it*. For it is certain, that if it did not pre-exist, sense never could give birth to it, since the nation deprived of it has five senses as well as the others who are not. He would have inquired how and why such or such an idea could be destroyed or degenerate in the mind of such or such a portion of the human family. But he was very far removed from so fruitful a thought, and forgot himself so as to suppose the proposition, that *one single atheist in the world would suffice to deny legitimately that the idea of God is innate in man*, or that one monstrous child born without eyes, for instance, would prove that sight is not natural to man. But nothing checks Locke. Has he not intrepidly told us that the voice of conscience proves nothing in favor of innate ideas, for *some men with the same bent of conscience prosecute what others avoid*?†

It is a very strange thing, which never yet could be understood, either by that great patriarch or his posterity, what a difference exists between the ignorance of law and the errors admitted in the application of that law. An Indian woman sacrifices her child to the goddess *Gonza*: they conclude—*therefore there is no innate morality*:—on the contrary, they should say—*therefore it is innate*. For the idea of duty is as strong in this unhappy mother, to determine her to sacrifice to this duty the most tender and powerful sentiment of the human heart.

Abraham had of old acquired immense merit by determining to make the same sacrifice, which he believed with reason to be really ordained. He said precisely as the Indian woman: *the Divinity has spoken—we must shut our eyes and obey*. One, relying on the divine authority, which only wished to try him, obeyed a sacred and direct command; the other, blinded by a deplorable superstition, obeyed an imaginary command. But in both, the primitive idea is the same; it is that of duty carried to the highest degree of elevation. *I owe it*—this is the innate idea, the essence of which is independent of every error in the application. Those which men are daily in the habit of committing in their calculations, prove that they have no idea of number! But if the idea is innate, they could never acquire it; they could never deceive themselves. For, to *deceive*, is to err from an anterior and known rule. It is the same with other ideas: and I add what to me appears clear of itself, that, out of this proposition, it would be impossible to conceive *man*; that is to say, *the human unity or species*; nor, of consequence, any order relative to a given class of intelligent beings.‡

We must admit, that the critics of Locke have attacked him badly in distinguishing ideas, and giving as *innate* only moral ideas of the first order, which would make the solution of the problem depend on the rectitude of these ideas. I do not say that they are not entitled to particular attention; and this may be the object of a second examen; but, for the philosopher who views the question in all its generality, there is no distinction to be made on this

* Book i. ch. iv. § 8. note 2.

† Ibid, ch. iii. § 8.

‡ *Our souls are created in virtue of a general decree, by which we have all the notions that are necessary for us.* Malle-

branche, de la Rich. de la Ver., book i. ch. iii. number 2. In effect, every *cognitive* being can be what it is—can belong to such a class—can differ from each other—only by innate ideas.

point, because there is no idea that is not innate, or independent of the senses by the universality whence it derives its form, and by the intellectual act which *thinks* it.

All rational doctrine is founded on an antecedent knowledge ; for man can learn nothing except from what he knows. The syllogism and induction starting always from principles laid down as already known, we must grant, that before arriving at any particular truth, we already know it in part. Observe, for instance, an actual or sensible triangle. Certainly, you are ignorant of it before you see it ; still you know already, not *this* triangle, but *the* triangle, or *triangularity* : and behold how we may know and be ignorant of the same thing under different points of view. If this theory is rejected, we fall inevitably into the inexpressible dilemma of Menon of Plato ; and we are forced to admit, that man can either learn nothing at all, or that all he learns is but a reminiscence. If we refuse to admit the first ideas, demonstration is no longer possible ; because there no longer are to be found the principles from which it can be derived. In effect, the essence of principles is that they should be anterior, evident, not derived, nor de-

monstrated, and *causes* in reference to the conclusion ; otherwise, they would require to be demonstrated themselves ; that is, they would cease to be principles, and we should have to admit what the schools style *series ad infinitum*, which is impossible : observe, moreover, that these principles, which fathom all demonstrations, should be not only *known* naturally, but *more known* than the truths discovered through their medium. *For, whatever communicates a thing, possesses it necessarily more than the subject that receives it* : and as for example, the man we love for the love of another, is always less loved than the latter ; so, likewise, every truth acquired, is less clear for us than the principle which has rendered it visible to us. The thing *enlightening* being by nature more luminous than the thing *lighted*, it is not sufficient to believe in science ; we must believe the principles of science, the character of which is to be at once necessary and necessarily believed. For demonstration has nothing common with the exterior and sensible word, *which denies what it will* ; it holds to that more profound word which is pronounced in the interior of man, and which has not the power to contradict truth.*

* *This Word, conceived in God himself, and by which God speaks to himself, is the*

increated Word. (Bourdaloue, sur La Parole de Dieu. Vide *exordium*.)

HYMNS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY,

Translated expressly for the Catholic Expositor.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

HYMN.—AT LAUDS.

“Ecce jam noctis tenuatur umbra,” etc.

I.

BEHOLD the shade of night more thinly grows,
And in the dawning heavens Aurora glows:
Then let us suppliantly our voices raise,
The Lord to praise.

II.

To us poor sinners may he mercy show;
All anguish banish, and sound health bestow;
And grant us, when this mortal life shall cease,
Eternal peace.

III.

Vouchsafe this grace, blest Godhead, we entreat,
Father, and Son, and Holy Paraclete;
Whose glory through the world's remotest bounds
Always resounds.

FERIA SECUNDA.—AT MATINS.

“Somno reffectis artubus,” etc.

I.

OUR weary limbs, with sleep refreshed,
Arise from bed again;
Be present, heavenly Father, while
We chant our matin-strain.

II.

Thee first our grateful tongues proclaim;
Our bosoms glow for thee:
Of all the actions of this day
Mayest thou the fountain be.

III.

Before the light let darkness flee,
As shines the star of day:

Let crime, dark offspring of the night,
Wane, in that light, away.

IV.

To thee we send our suppliant prayer,
That thou would'st banish crimes ;
And that our fervent canticles
May praise thee, at all times.

V.

This favor, heavenly Father, grant,
And thou, his only Son,
And thou, most holy Paraclete,
Who reignest three in ONE.

FERIA TERTIA.—AT MATINS.

" Consors paterni luminis," etc.

I.

PARTAKER of the Father's light,
Thyself both light and day ;

Our anthems break the silent night :
Be present while we pray.

II.

All mental darkness banish hence,
The hosts of devils chase ;
Expel afar all somnolence,
And rouse our sleeping race.

III.

Thus may our faith rewarded be,
O, Saviour of mankind !
And every prayer we offer thee
Propitious favor find.

IV.

Grant what we sigh for in this strain ;
That, Father, we implore,
Who, with the Son and Spirit reign,
Now, and for ever more.

HORÆ VAGABUNDÆ,

OR HOURS OF TRAVEL.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

MIDDLETON CONFERENCE.

Middleton is a small, neat town, in the diocese of Cloyne, some twenty miles from Cork. The drive to this place along the borders of the Lee, is extremely beautiful. Having been invited to meet the clergy of that Conference, I started in the coach, in the morning, and was joined, a mile or two from the city, by the Rev. Mr. Kane, parish priest of Middleton, who was returning home after having preached a charity ser-

mon, the previous day, in the Black Rock Chapel, in aid of the Convent. This very neat and well-finished chapel owes its foundation to the Murphy family, and commands a very conspicuous position near the banks of the river ; and, I believe, forms, as it were, an adjunct of the convent, which is not far off. Besides that reverend gentleman, there was another inside passenger, whose manner and appearance bespoke an elegant person. We soon entered into

conversation; when I discovered that he was an Englishman of high rank, a Catholic, and a zealous devotee in all matters appertaining to our holy faith. He had travelled in the United States, and had enjoyed the acquaintance of the venerable sage of Maryland—Charles Carroll. The hopes entertained by this enlightened man for the spread of catholicity through England were of a kind to those of Digby, Spencer, Wiseman, and the other great spirits of the times. His daily prayer was sent up for the conversion of his native land: and when we consider the combined effort that is now being made, by prayer, by argument, by persuasion, for that anticipated event, it is no mark of mere enthusiasm,—it is the fervent expectation of holy hope,—that, sooner or later, that consummation will be brought about.

Our conversation was taken up principally by these pleasant subjects (pleasant, indeed, to the heart where true faith abides) until we reached the little town of Middleton. Here we separated from our English Catholic friend, and betook ourselves to the dwelling occupied by the clergy.

An agreeable place is this. There is but one principal street; which is cleanly and handsomely built up. The distilleries here, owned by the Murphys, are farmed, and are yet in operation, while others have been closed up, or converted into other uses, by the power of teetotalism. Even Father Mathew's own brother, whose acquaintance I had the honor of forming, has been materially injured by the movement. But, although he himself has not taken the pledge, still he bears his adversity with cheerful resignation, aware of the incalculable good that has been wrought, at his expense, throughout the length and breadth of this island.

There are few of my readers who do not understand what is meant by

conferences, as they are held in the different diocesses of Ireland. The clergy meet with the bishop, for the purpose of reviewing some theological treatise, which they had studied at college, and preserving discipline. The master of the conference is always a prominent clergyman in influence and learning. Some twenty-three years ago, the conference of this town was presided over by my excellent friend and the present Vicar-General of New York, Doctor JOHN POWER, who has left, among his old associates and contemporaries, a name distinguished for every noble quality of head and heart. On this occasion, the venerable Bishop Crotty, though infirm and indisposed in health, did not fail to be present, inspiring zeal into the clerical body, strengthening the sinews of discipline, presenting in himself a model of the virtues with which the ecclesiastical character should be adorned, and, at the same time, displaying all the amenities of social intercourse and hospitable disposition.

VALE OF GLANMIRE.

Beautifully breaks the morning over the heights of the river; and the balmy zephyrs dip their ærial wings in the limpid, rippling waves. Mass is done in the convent, and the reverend chaplain invites me to a drive to the Vale of Glanmire. We start at an early hour to enjoy the scene in its matin aspect. We bend our way along the banks of the Lee, passing by many a magnificent seat, with lofty iron gates and comely lodges, and gravelled roads, as level as a pavement, stretching with a semicircular sweep, through dense forests, and fringed with ever-verdant hedges. Than some of these entrances to the villas near Cork, nothing can be imagined more graceful or inviting. The gateways are often constructed with great architectural taste, and sometimes grandeur. The

little lodges, as they are styled, are the houses in which the gatekeeper resides; whose business it is to admit visitors, and guard the premises; and these are, for the most part, built with becoming rustic neatness.

What a varied prospect here opens and spreads on the vision, from this road! Yonder peers the cross on the Ursuline Convent. There Black Rock Castle bristles on its rocks, and seems to tell of ancient days and style. Luxuriant fields extend beyond the waters, and plantations of trees shade the declivities of the hills. Sheep in thousands are browsing on the rich grass, fat cattle are sprinkled over the aromatic meadows, while the white sails of many a sportive skiff spreads itself out to the sunbeam and the breeze. The peasants are at work. The road is alive with vehicles of every sort. Now, with giddy velocity speeds by, enveloped in dust, the light phæton,

its sleek and glossy horses, three in tandem, driven by some "blood." The mailcoach thunders on, the horn, by starts, resounding on the welkin. The jingle glides along with steady pace, and the low cart dragged by a donkey, poor raw-bone thing, with the sturdy peasant stretched at full length in it, jogs cumbrously on its humble way.

But lo! the Vale of Glanmire is near. We are entering into it. On one side, a well-made road extends on the very margin of the lake; on the other, a gently sloping hill sweeps down to the water's edge, covered with wood. Perhaps there is no more lovely scenery in any part of this beautiful country,—not even excepting the "sweet vale of Ovoca,"—than this on which my eye is now delighting itself: and it was full of this conviction that I threw out my feelings in the following lines:—

GLANMIRÆ VALLIS.

QUAMVIS per totam hanc contingeret Insulam amœnam,
Errare, inspirant ubi Valles et nemorosi
Saltus deliciis mentem, montes per opacos
Ridentesque undas rivi, nihil usque videtur
Quod liceat, Glanmira, tuæ componere Valli.

Limpida lympha fluit riparum gramina lambens,
Quorum suavis odor, nec non viridissimi honores
Injiciuntque venustatem nectarque per undas,
Quæ, Glanmira, tuæ picturam vallis adumbrant.

Colles qui sensim extendunt declivia ripis
Pendentes sese mirari in fonte videntur,
Dum matutinum volucris cita concinit hymnum,
Aut vallem, Glanmira, tuam super, Hesperus ardet.

Et Cynus zephyris albas hic explicat alas,
Ut navis plenis extendens carbasa ventis,
Cedere dum apparent visu alta cacumina terræ;
Desiliens Turdus virgultis, voce canora,
Hanc vallem, Glanmira, tuam variatque animatque.

Perque coruscantes gliscit lætabilis undas
 Trabs levis, inter acuta hominumque Lyræque solutæ
 Carmina, dum Agricola emittit de tramite risum,
 Et, Glanmira, tuæ Vallis procul adsonat Echo.
 Vallis amæna! solum dum me natale tenebit
 Longinquum, et mentem Hybernes subibit imago,
 Nullus ubique locus tam in deliciis erit unquam,
 Quam tua, Glanmira, egregia et pulcherrima Vallis.

TRANSLATION.

I.

We may roam as we will through this beautiful isle,
 Where the glen and the valley with rapture inspire ;
 'Mongst the mountains that frown, and the streamlets that smile,
 There is naught to compare with the Vale of Glanmire!

II.

The wave is pellucid—it kisses the turf,
 Whose fragrance and verdure intensely conspire
 To throw sweetness and beauty, at once, o'er the surf,
 In whose mirror is painted the Vale of Glanmire.

III.

The hills as they gradually slope to the brim,
 In a graceful decline, seem themselves to admire ;
 When the matin-bird sings forth his wakening hymn,
 Or the evening-star beams on the Vale of Glanmire.

IV.

The swan in the breeze spreading out her white wings,
 Like a ship in full sail, when the highlands retire ;
 And the thrush, as in music from thicket she springs,
 Enliven and vary the Vale of Glanmire.

V.

And the skiff dances on, in its glittering path,
 'Mid the voices of idle ones courting the lyre,
 While the peasant sends out from the road a rude laugh,
 Which Echo repeats in the Vale of Glanmire.

VI.

Lovely Vale! when afar, on my own native shore,
 The memories of Erin my bosom inspire:
 No spot half so bright or so fair will come o'er
 My heart, as the beautiful Vale of Glanmire!

In the midst of this umbrageous and almost enchanted scenery, high on the declivity of a green hill, stands a well-built chapel, its cross peeping through the wood; and still higher on the very brow, embosomed in thickets and unseen by the passer-by, is situated the residence of the parish-priest, Father Falvey, whose door is open to the stranger, as is his heart to the appeal of poverty and sorrow. The grounds about his dwelling are laid out with skilful taste, and his garden is filled with the produce of care and industry. Father Falvey is an ardent patriot, and enjoys the reputation of possessing a style and vehemence of popular oratory, second only to the mighty "Liberator." He is an old seminary-mate of the Very Reverend Doctor POWER, of whom he loved to discourse in the most affectionate and respectful manner. Long may he be spared to his parish among the fairy-like scenery of the Vale of Glanmire!

SUNDAY'S LANE.

From the heights about here, there is the finest panoramic view of the city of Cork and vicinity—and a very beauteous panorama it makes. I ascend this hill with the reader, however, not for the purpose of describing the scenery, but to visit the spot where the immortal Bishop of Charleston was accustomed to abide when on a visit to his native place. There is situated the cottage, a neat and rural dwelling, of the brother of the lamented ENGLAND. Let us approach in silence—'tis consecrated ground. Pause—look round—meditate. How often did that prophet of the pulpit pierce the distant future, as his dark gray eyes rolled over this spacious landscape! What workings of his spirit within! what inspirations! what a drinking in, as it were, afresh at the fountain of his childhood the spark-

ling streams of eloquence, to pour them out, now like a cataract, then like a smooth rivulet, just as it pleased his genius, or his soul was attuned, on the admiring and astonished ears of thousands beyond the deep! and then again, in the circle of his brother's family, sportive as the children that gathered around his knees, and simple and gentle as they! I could not leave this country without making a pilgrimage to these grounds, which will always be sacred to the memory of JOHN of Charleston.—"Rest, spirit, rest."

LECTURES AT CAREY'S-LANE CHAPEL.

When I remarked, in a former number, that there were no sermons in Cork during the summer months, I was well aware that the people were not left without instruction: I meant *set sermons*. For every Sunday at the mass said by the parish priest in this chapel, at eight o'clock, that eminent ecclesiastic addressed the congregation in a short but excellent lecture, on the gospel of the day; and, having been present on several occasions, I take pleasure in stating, that the reverend gentleman possesses a peculiar talent of striking at the pith of the gospel, and a remarkable fluency in expressing himself in pure and appropriate language. And who will not admit that such sort of homilies, well meditated and prepared, are calculated to convey more practical instruction, and are listened to with greater interest and profit, by the people generally, than the most elaborate and florid sermon? At the same time, the latter is useful, nay, even necessary, at the proper times, while the former are always indispensable. Both go together—both have ever held their *ambones* in the Christian sanctuary. The church repeats, with equal veneration, the grandiloquent oratory of SAINT LEO THE GREAT, and

the plainest homilies of VENERABLE BEDE.

LECTURES OF MAINZER AND PROFESSOR KANE.

These were not of a religious character. Mainzer, whose reputation is spread through Europe, came to Cork, I believe, at a special invitation, recommended to the bishop and Father Mathew, for the purpose of giving lectures and lessons on music, which were known under the title of "Singing for the Million." Mainzer is undoubtedly a remarkable man, and a more than enthusiast on the subject of his art. Though a German, he expresses himself generally in good English, speaks with facility, and commands attention and interest by his striking physiognomy and the novel mode in which he treats of music. There is in Cork a natural taste for singing and music, and Mainzer was hailed by the influential citizens as a benefactor to the people, whom he labored to amuse, and instruct, and occupy, in this manner. The teetotalers, particularly at the instance of Father Mathew, have adopted his system, and flock in thousands around the professor, whom Mainzer has left to continue what he himself commenced.

Professor Kane delivered a course of chemical lectures. He is an astonishing man, quite young, and extremely modest; but, at the same time, one of the profoundest natural philosophers of the times. He is a native of Dublin, and a member of the Catholic Church. Both of these gentlemen it was my fortune to meet in a social way. The former at the table of Bishop Murphy, the latter at that of the Reverend Mr. O'Shea, P. P., of Carey's-Lane Chapel. Mr. Mainzer, though a Lutheran, acknowledged that there is no music to compare in solemnity and religious effect with that of the

ancient church. "Often," to use his own language, "have I sat at my window, of a summer's afternoon, opposite the Catholic Church, in Germany, and listened to the majestic chant of the Vespers. Some of the tunes of the Psalms sung on the occasion, I regard as the noblest specimens of sacred music."

And well might this eminent musician make this remark. For, in effect, as it appears to me, tones of the ancient chant seem to bring with them tidings of truth, sounds of salvation, from the primitive church. How solemnly and sweetly do they chime on the ear of faith, and ring through the Christian heart! Hence the profound devotional feeling which the *Preface* and *Pater Noster*, intoned by an expert and pious celebrant of the High Mass, never fail to excite even in the lukewarm and non-believing. They are songs of ancient days, which Religion has preserved, and which will be echoed and re-echoed under the domes of grand cathedrals, and under the roofs of simpler churches, down to the end of years.

THE BUTTER-MARKET.

Perhaps in no country can there be a greater curiosity in its way than the butter-market of Cork—an immense building, literally packed with kegs of butter, on which, if you would pass through, you must necessarily tread. A rather ticklish path, I thought. "What if I should fall into the butter?" I exclaimed to my companion.

"Never mind," he replied, facetiously, "you will then have to say, when you go home, that you travelled through *grease*!" (Greece.)

The butter trade is, as the reader will judge from this, very extensive here, and gives employment to hundreds of weighers, tasters, carmen, clerks, &c. &c. One would hardly be prepared to find so many thriving

offices, and in some, great wealth, in the narrow alleys, running darkly and zigzag, about this neighborhood. The market, though accessible by a very good new street, is inconveniently situated for business; and it is contemplated, I was told, to remove it down to the river's side. This is, however, but an *on dit*; perhaps the inhabitant of Cork *seven months ago* will be nearly ready to deny it, and charge me with betraying the truth, and attacking the "morality" of the butter-merchants!

and, then, mayhap, the whole editorial fraternity, with him of the "Miscellany" at the head, (who has not read the "*Horæ*," and yet raves about "golden spurs" and President Tyler's letter, and fancies in his delirium that he hears the clangor "of trumpets,") will, with one voice, decry me as a prejudiced and ungrateful reviler of Irish morality! And yet the clergy are not teetotalers—and the butter-market is a butter-market, on the heights, or on the wharf!

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

VOLTAIRE'S LIFE, POLITICAL, LITERARY, AND MORAL.

BY M. LEPAN.

CHAPTER V.

THE death of Cardinal de Fleury, on the 29th of January, 1743, as it occurred during Voltaire's stay in the capital, caused him to exert all his efforts to fill the vacancy in the French Academy of Science. He even boasted that he had secured the king's approbation; and, thinking that a successful tragedy would be the best means of securing his election, he caused the tragedy of *Meropa* to be performed on the 20th February. It may be remarked, while on this subject, that he had laid this play aside for five years, as testified by the Marquis de Luchel: his friends thought it bore too great a resemblance to the *Amasis* of Lagrange, which was occasionally performed, as also with the *Telephontus* of Lachapelle. To these may be added Piron's *Gustavus Vasa*, and

yet more to Massey's *Meropa*, from whence Voltaire borrowed the choicest passages in his tragedy. Notwithstanding all this, Voltaire's *Meropa* was performed fifteen times with the most brilliant success. This tragedy did not, however, prove more advantageous to its author than that of *Brutus* in 1731. At that time the Bishop of Luçon was elected to take Lamotte's place in the Academy, and now Voltaire saw another elected to fill the coveted seat—this was the Bishop of Bayeux, who was the successor of Cardinal de Fleury. It is rather curious to peruse the letters addressed by Voltaire to the Bishop of Sens, a member of the Academy, and also to Bishop Boyer, of Mirepoix. The King of Prussia rallied Voltaire upon his having written to the former divine. He *denied* having done so: in spite of this denial, the editors of

his general correspondence have given the letter a place in their collection; they have, however, substituted asterisks for the prelate's name. The letter to the Bishop of Mirepoix contains the following passage:—"I had read to the Cardinal of Fleury those of the '*Philosophical Letters*' which were so shamefully falsified." Voltaire told the truth: he had really read the two letters upon the Quakers to the Cardinal: this is proved by Voltaire's acknowledgement to Formont, (November, 1732,) to whom he writes, "I had taken good care to remove all that might scandalize his devout and wise eminence. He thought what I read tolerably amusing, *but the poor man does not know what he has lost.*" This is a proof that the "Letters" have not been *falsified*; but that this author himself had altered them while reading them to the cardinal.

Voltaire, taking for the groundwork of his tragedy the Marquis de Maffey's *Meropa*, and borrowed from it the best scenes, he dedicated his tragedy to the Italian author as a mark of respect. He took care, however, to publish a letter, signed *Lalandelle*, which he addressed to himself, the better to elude suspicion: in this letter Maffey's tragedy was criticised with the most revolting injustice.

Voltaire's hopes of obtaining a membership in the Academy having thus been frustrated, his stay in Paris was of short duration; and he wended his way once more to Cirey. He had been requested by Duke de Richelieu to compose a three-act ballet on the occasion of the dauphin's marriage. He produced the *Princess of Navarre*; this occupied him nearly the whole of 1744. He returned to Paris in October, to direct the performance of this ballet. Some time after this, he was employed by the Marquis d'Argenson, Minister of Foreign

Affairs, who was an old class-mate of his in writing despatches. In addition to this valuable friend, Voltaire soon obtained the protection of Madame de Pompadour, with whom he had been acquainted when she was only Marchioness d'Etiolles.

The *Princess of Navarre* obtained for its author the title of Chamberlain, that of Historiographer of France, and the patronage of the Court.

Voltaire was well aware of the value of his successful ballet, and he therefore availed himself of the advantages it secured for him. He endeavored through D'Argenson, to obtain the post of Agent to England on the part of France, to make arrangements for peace, at the close of 1745.* He wrote to D'Argenson, the Minister of Foreign Affairs—"Mr. Fakener, the Duke of Cumberland's Secretary, who is an intimate friend of mine, has written me a long epistle, wherein I discover the peaceful dispositions which his majesty's success has inspired." To this was appended a confidential note in these words:—"The preceding, my lord, is what occurred to me on perusing the English letter. It is for you to say, whether you will procure me the opportunity of taking a pleasant trip, and perhaps a useful one. You may dispose the mind of the committee in my favor. I am inclined to think that even the Marshal Noailles will give me his vote. This done, you would read my letter before the Council; every one would say *aye*, and the king likewise. All this, of course, to be private." It would appear that the minister availed himself of the concluding part of Voltaire's billet: "there is still another way open, perhaps, viz: to laugh at me"—for nothing farther was ever heard of this application for office.

The favor with which the "*Prin-*

* October 20, 1745.

cess of Navarre" had been received emboldened Voltaire to compose another piece of similar character, the "*Temple of Glory*," which was performed at Versailles on the 27th of November, 1745: in this production Trajan receives the crown. After the performance, Voltaire approached Louis XV. and asked, "Is Trajan pleased?" This familiarity displeased the king, who merely stared at the author without reply. The favorite of Frederic was much surprised at this severity, and he left Paris, with Madame du Chatelet, for Chalons, where her son was sick of the small-pox.

In the interval the king departed for Flanders, then the seat of war: and the battle of Fontenoy, which was won by his majesty, suggested the idea of a poem, which Voltaire was but two days in composing. These reiterated efforts at length opened the way to his admission in the Academy, the 9th May, 1746, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the decease of the president, Bouhier.

Before he was permitted to be one of the "forty" who formed the Academy, the following conditions were required of him, which were—that he should write a letter to Father Delatour, Provincial of the Jesuits, which was to contain a profession of faith, a panegyric upon the Jesuits, and a reply to the attack which the same made upon the Bishop of Mirepoix, (whom he had himself reviled,) by a journalist: all this he gladly performed, so anxious was he to secure a place in that learned society—a place he had formerly considered most despicable. Many saw with regret that the author of the *Epistle to Urania*, the *Philosophical Letters*, the *Worldling*, and the *Maid of Orleans*, was allowed to mingle with the members of so respectable an assembly. Several satirical effusions appeared upon the subject, among which two may be particu-

larized as having excited his ire in a signal degree; these were—"the poetical triumph" and the "*Discourse* delivered at the door of the Academy;" the two were printed upon the same sheet. Voltaire adhered in this circumstance to the plan he had ever pursued, which was—to make his case one of general interest, by associating with himself either a worthy man or an illustrious society. He therefore pretended that the honor of the Academy was also assailed in these defamatory publications; and upon this shallow pretext the apostle of liberty obtained a committal against the author of the two pieces. There was not the slightest suspicion resting upon any individual at the time of these proceedings, when a pedlar informed Voltaire that the younger Travenol, a violinist attached to the opera, encouraged the sale of the pamphlet. The committal was handed to a police-officer, who went to the musician's house to arrest him: he was not at home; but his father, an infirm old man, (he was eighty,) was dragged to the prison of Fort L'Evêque in spite of his remonstrances. This violation of the law, and of the principles of humanity, in the case of an aged individual who was not accountable for his son under such circumstances, excited the desire, in the minds of those who were acquainted with the harsh measures, to rescue the unoffending old man. The "*lieutenant of police*," upon learning the use to which the committal he had granted had been appropriated, gave immediate orders to release the prisoner, which was accordingly done; but after he had been imprisoned for five days.

While the elder Travenol was incarcerated, Voltaire was unceasing in his efforts to discover the abode of the son. The old man, although he had a perfect right to seek redress for false imprisonment, was never-

theless desirous of pacifying the angry poet, and bring about this desirable termination : he called upon Voltaire and told him he would do everything for peace, and only asked in return that all action in the suit against his son would be dropped. All was promised. Voltaire and Travenol embraced each other in token of amity. The latter had scarce left the house, ere the newly-admitted academician resumed his hostilities towards the unfortunate violinist.

The father, indignant at this most unwarrantable breach of honor and principle, considered himself released from his promise, and brought an action, for false imprisonment, against Voltaire, November 19th, 1746. The sentence of the court was, that the musician should pay Voltaire three hundred livres, while he was sentenced to pay five hundred livres to the elder Travenol. The latter appealed from this decision, and the case was sent to the parliament for trial, notwithstanding Voltaire's unwillingness to appear before that tribunal, where his writings had been so repeatedly condemned. He had the mortification of being ridiculed by Rigoley de Invigny, and by Mannory, the counsel of his adversary ; in addition to which, he had the annoyance of seeing their speeches, containing the obnoxious satires, sold at every coffee-house, thereby rendering that public which was only sold by stealth previously. Some idea of the vexation he experienced may be formed from the following, addressed to the Marquis d'Argenson,* his most zealous friend :—"The everlastingly sick man, the everlastingly persecuted, the most ancient of your courtiers, and the most crippled of all, asks of you, with the most per-

tinacious perseverance, that you would have the goodness to terminate the work which you condescended to begin, in relation to Monsieur Lebret, the 'general advocate.' It is in his power to speak at once concerning my case ; I will furnish him with additional documents. He will forbid that the dignity of the parliament should any longer be debased by the buffoonery of such a wretch as this Mannory."

"Voltaire's friend," says La Harpe, "succeeded at length in settling this protracted quarrel before the court, but it was very injurious to him before the bar of public opinion." It is somewhat amusing to hear Condorcet's version of the affair :—"A violinist at the opera, whose name was Travenol, was arrested in consequence of his having been engaged with counsellor Rigoley de Invigny, in selling these libels. Travenol's father, who was eighty years old, went to Voltaire to beg his son's pardon : Voltaire's anger ceases at once at the first appeal made to his humanity. He weeps with the old man ; he embraces him ; he consoles him ; and they both hasten to ask the offender's release." We see by this statement with what unblushing hardihood Voltaire's partizans have dared to distort facts, in order that his most reprehensible actions might appear as so many honorable ones. Here is the persecutor of the Travenol family ; he who for months incessantly harrassed its members ; who caused an infirm old man to be imprisoned ; here he is, forsooth, exhibited as the comforter of that old man ; nay, even as the benefactor of the son. Yet the sentence of the judge—all the legal documents, &c., connected with the affair—were extant ; and were so

* June 12, 1747.

† Mannory was a distinguished barrister, and was remarkable for the introduction of

jest in his pleading, which have been collected in 18 vols.

many witnesses, as it were, disproving the truth of the assertions of Condorcet. Is not this one fact sufficient to give an idea of the veracity of his writings?

Shortly after the reception of Voltaire in the Academy, the members were discussing some literary subject; Danchet, who was present, happened to differ from him; Voltaire, who thought himself born to command universal deference, was displeased, and expressed his dissatisfaction in very rude terms to Danchet; upon which, Fontenelle said, "Monsieur Voltaire, this justifies the repugnance we have always felt to admit you among us."

This admonition was not at all relished by our author: from the moment he was made aware that he should reign as a despot in the midst of the academy, he gave himself no concern about attending; he contented himself with being one of its members; trusting, he said, that this would be to him a "palladium" against his enemies.

Voltaire imitated *Œdipus*, from that of Sophocles; *Meropa* from Massey's tragedy of the same name; and *Orestes Semiramis* and *Rome Saved*, from the works of Crébillon; and in order to injure these poets, he has altered the several passages which he translated from the first of these.*

To detract from the merit of the second, he published a violent *critique* on the Italian's *Meropa*, which he signed with a fictitious name; while he dedicated his own tragedy to the same individual he so unjustly assailed: he also published an attack upon the third, over an imaginary signature. This exhibits to our view the philosopher whose heart knew no enemy.

No one was ever more vindictive

than the author of the *Henriad*. As he was unable to contend against Madame de Pompadour, who patronized Crébillon, he resolved to attack him. "He was," says Condorcet, "tired of hearing the preference always accorded to Crébillon by people of the world, and even by literary men;" and this induced him to correct several of his tragedies. The Duchess of Maine approved of this project; she was a great admirer of Cicero, and felt indignant at the pretended outrage upon this great man, in Crébillon's tragedy of *Cataline*. The first Voltaire undertook was to that of Semiramis.

His flattering reception at Sceaux, the seat of the duchess, in 1747, did not, however, compensate for the annoyances he had experienced at Versailles. Disgusted with the metropolis, where the Academy resisted his opinion; with the Court, whence arose the refusal to print his works; with France, because his systems were not adopted by her; he readily accepted the offer which was made him, to reside at Luneville, where Stanislaus, King of Poland, held his court. He arrived there at the close of 1747, accompanied by Madame du Chatelet. He returned to the capital, in July, 1748, to attend the rehearsals of Semiramis. This play obtained for him a superb decoration from Louis XV., at the request of the Duke d'Aumont, who had been solicited to do so by the Count d'Argental, the friend of Voltaire.

In the beginning of September, 1748, Voltaire left Paris to return to Luneville, where he would have been happy had not his peace been destroyed by the unwelcome intelligence that a parody upon Semiramis was about to be acted at the Italian Theatre. Although the reader is

* See my Preface to "*Œdipus*," in my edition of "Voltaire's dramatic chefs d'œuvre," containing the twelve plays of Vol-

taire which are still retained upon the stage; together with over twelve hundred critical notes upon the same.

aware of his extreme susceptibility, it would be difficult to realize that, in order to prevent the performance of the parody alluded to, he should have had recourse to the kindness of King Stanislaus; and, what is still more surprising, is the fact that he should disturb, not only himself but all those around, for more than a month; and this, too, at the distance of three hundred miles from Paris; to see him write to the queen; to Madame de Pompadour; to the ministers; to the gentlemen of the bedchamber; to the principal noblemen, and also to the ladies of the court. Nothing is more ludicrous than to peruse his letter to the Count d'Argental, wherein he gives a detailed account of all his efforts, mentions those to whom he has applied, states his hopes, and his anxieties. Excessive self-love and fear of ridicule, have never been carried to so amusing an extent. It was not, however, as an author, or as a philosopher, that Voltaire was ambitious; this feeling was also combined with the desire of wealth. He possessed the love of riches, office, dignities, and honors. In vain did he affirm to Moncriff that "He was not attached either to a golden key or to an annuity of twenty thousand livres, which he was able to dispense with." The sequel will show that he neglected no means to secure both.

The stratagem employed by him, in 1749, to solicit from Frederic the order of the *cross of merit*, is the best answer to those who have pretended that he felt above these gewgaws.

He was then, as we have just said, at Luneville, with Madame du Chatelet. Frederic was at Berlin, enjoying a little respite from war. All the time he could dispose of was devoted to the acquisition of knowledge. He felt anxious to have Voltaire with him, and therefore wrote

the following letter to him:—"Listen! I am mad to see you. It would be a treasonable act not to come, so that I might forget this whim. I wish to study with you. I have some leisure this year. God knows if I shall have another."

In one of Voltaire's letters* to Frederic, he gave him to understand that Stanislaus was extremely mortified in being rather lightly spoken of in Frederic's *Anti-Machiavel*, while he, poor devil, had endured the storm; that this storm had been somewhat severe; and that, being thus situated, he could not leave the king, who would feel hurt at his leaving him. "Besides," he adds, "the Marquis d'Argens has caused it to be printed that I was not favorably looked upon at your Court. Now if your majesty would be pleased to send me *half a yard of black ribbon*, the king will not be able to prevent me from running at once to thank you: no one can detain me. The office I hold from the king, my master, being an ancient office of the crown, which entitles the possessor to the rights of the highest nobility, is not only quite compatible with the honor I ask of you, but it is even more appropriate; in a word, it is the *order of merit*, and I wish to obtain my merit from your goodness."

Frederic having delayed the answer to this epistle, Voltaire thought he had incurred his displeasure, and renewed his protestations of devoted attachment, promising at the same time that he would visit him the succeeding summer.

Madame du Chatelet died at Luneville, in 1749. Opinions are somewhat divided as to the cause of her death. Voltaire, however, puts this question at rest by stating the cause in a letter to Madame du Defiant, dated September 10, 1749. She

* August 31, 1749. From the unpublished letters of the King of Prussia, Madame du Chatelet, and Voltaire.

was forty-three years old; and it so happened that her coffin had to be carried across the theatre, and the bier broke down upon the very stage, where she had been a performer but a few weeks previous! * Voltaire had lived in the greatest intimacy with Madame du Chatelet for fifteen years; it may therefore be readily imagined that her loss must have been keenly felt by him. If Condorcet is to be credited, Stan-

islaus endeavored to prevail upon Voltaire to stay at Luneville, but all his entreaties were in vain. He visited some friends at Chalons and Rheims, and then left for Cirey where he spent a few days; and on the 10th October, he returned to Paris, and took up his abode in the rue Traversiere, near the Palais-Royal.

* See the Life of Voltaire, by Duvernet.

FROM THE LONDON CATH. MAGAZINE.

A PROTESTANT'S OPINION OF THE BREVIARY.

MR. FREDERICK FABER, in his recent work, thus speaks of the Breviary:—

“I do not wonder you should envy the Latin service-book: for any thing more elevating and magnificent than the Western ritual is not to be conceived. There is not such another glory upon the earth. It gives to men the tongues of angels, it images on its bosom the attitudes of heaven, and it catches glorious shreds of echo from the eternal worship of the Lamb. It has a language of its own, a language of symbols, more luminous, more mystical, more widely spread than any other language on the earth. I do not wonder you should envy the Latin ritual.”

The *profane* editor of the *Record*, in alluding to the above extract, observes, that “it is natural that those who admire the ritual which our Reformers sacrificed their lives to abolish, should reproduce and circulate the object of their admiration. Accordingly, a little volume called “Devotions on the Passion,” has recently issued from the press of Mr. Burns, from which we copy the fol-

lowing rubric from the service for *Maunday Thursday* at *Lauds*”— (here followed, almost *verbatim* the rubric and prayers from our office of *Tenebræ*.)

Alluding to the noise at the conclusion of the prayer *Respice*, the evangelical scribe thus proceeds:

“These are the ‘devotional gestures,’ the ‘attitudes of heaven,’ the ‘language of symbols,’ of which Mr. F. W. Faber is so greatly enamoured! But these semi-dramatic representation are not the sole or chief characteristic of this new infusion of Popery. We turn over a few more leaves, and [dreadful to be read by all pure evangelicals!] come to the following hymn:—

“O faithful Cross, thou peerless Tree, no forest yields the like of thee, leaf, flower and bud. Sweet is the wood, and sweet its weight, and sweet the nails which penetrate thee, thou sweet wood.

‘*Hymn*.—Sing a tongue, devoutly sing, the laurels of our glorious King; loud proclaim the triumph high of the Cross’s victory; how upon the altar laid, our price the world’s Redeemer paid.

‘Repeat.—O, faithful Cross, thou peerless Tree, no forest yield the like of thee, leaf, flower, and bud.

‘V.—When our first forefather ate the fruit which wrought his woeful fate, our high Creator piteous mourned His holy law by creatures scorned; and, fain to make the damage good, through Wood revoked the curse of Wood.

‘Repeat.—Sweet is the wood, and sweet its weight, and sweet the nails which penetrate thee, thou sweet Wood.

* * * * *

‘V.—Bow thy branches, haughty Tree; suspend thy wonted cruelty; relax thy lightened arms; repress, for once, thy native stubbornness; thy Royal burden gently bear, and spare our dying God, O spare!

‘Repeat.—Sweet is the Wood, and sweet its weight, &c.

‘V.—Thou alone wert most esteemed, him to bear who man redeemed; thou, unshaken Ark, bedewed with the Lamb’s availing blood, shipwrecked man dost safely guide, and in port securely hide.

‘Repeat.—O, faithful Cross, thou peerless Tree, no forest yields the like of thee, leaf, flower, and bud.’

“It must be borne in mind [continues the self-interpreting Bible Christian of Fleet street] that these things are not given to the public for any merely literary purposes, but for use. The editor’s preface to the volume before us, thus commences:

“‘The present series of devotions has been compiled with the view of supplying, in a measure, *the want which is believed to be extensively felt*, of some assistance towards realizing, for the purposes of meditation, the solemn subject of the Passion and Holy week.’

“Thus [concludes the doughty theologian] the Missal and Breviary are to be administered in moderate doses, suited to the weak stomachs of those brought up in a Protestant Church, till, by degrees, they may be so far inured to the worship of the ‘faithful cross,’ &c., as to be prepared to join in the full-blown idolatries of Oscott and Moorfields without disgust or scruple”!!!

FROM THE LONDON CATH. MAGAZINE.

HOMILY OF ST. BEDE THE VENERABLE,

ON THE GOSPEL FOR THE SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

GOSPEL.—St. Luke, xiv. 1-11.—“At that time, when JESUS went into the house of one of the chief of the Pharisees, on the sabbath day, to eat bread, they watched him. And behold there was a certain man before him, that had the dropsy: and JESUS, answering, spoke to the lawyers and Pharisees, saying: Is it lawful to heal on the sabbath day? But they held their peace. But he, taking him, healed him, and sent him away. And answering them, he said: Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fall into a pit, and will not immediately draw him out on the sabbath day? and they could not answer him these things. And he spoke a parable also, to them that were invited, marking how they chose the first seat at the table saying to them: When thou art invited to a wedding, sit not down in the first place, lest, perhaps, one more honorable than thou be invited by him; and he that invited thee and him, come, and say to thee, give this man place; and then thou begin with shame to take the lowest place. But when thou art invited, go and sit down in the lowest place; that when he who invited thee cometh, he may say to thee,—Friend, go up higher. Then shalt thou have glory before them that sit at table with thee: because every one that exalteth himself shall be humbled; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.”

THE dropsy* is a disease caused by watery humors, and is so called from the Greek word ὕδωρ, which signifies water. It is the formation of a humor under the skin, generated from a diseased state of the bladder, and attended with swelling, and difficulty of breathing. There is one feature in this complaint, namely, that the more the watery humor increases, the more is the patient's thirst. And therefore is he well compared to him who runs riot in carnal pleasures, that grow in their indulgence; and to the covetous, who, the more his wealth abounds, the more ardently he lusteth after more.

"And JESUS answering, spoke to the lawyers and Pharisees, saying: Is it lawful to heal on the sabbath-day? But they held their peace." The answer of JESUS refers to what went before, namely, to the clause "they watched him." Our Lord knoweth indeed the thoughts of men; but did they well to hold their peace, when they were questioned, seeing that whatever they should say must needs be against themselves? For if it were lawful to heal on the sabbath-day, why did they watch to see if he did it? and if it were not, why did they take care of their cattle on the sabbath-day? "And taking him, he healed him, and sent him away." By a thoughtful management, our Lord first heals the man that had the dropsy, in the sight of the lawyers and Pharisees; and presently speaketh against covetousness,—that in this way the sickness of their hearts might be shown in the sickness of their body; till after much earnest exhortation it is subjoined: "Now the Pharisees, who were covetous, heard all these things; and they derided him." (St. Luke xvi. 14.) Like the man with the dropsy, the

more they drank, the greater was their thirst. And thus, truly, does every covetous man increase his thirst; for when he has got what he desires, still he panteth after more. "And answering them, he said: Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fall into a pit, and will not immediately draw him out on the sabbath-day?" And thus he convinced the Pharisees that watched him, at the same time that he condemned their covetousness. If you, he says, make haste to draw an ox, or an ass, or any other animal, out of a pit,—not consulting the pain of the animal, but your own avarice, how much more ought I to liberate a man, who is much better than any cattle? For aptly may a man with the dropsy be compared to an animal that has fallen into a pit; for he was laboring under a heavy humor. So also, when that woman who it is said had been bound for eighteen years, was loosed from her bonds, he compared her to the ox that was unloosed and led to water. (Luke xiii. 15.) And well in both passages is the ox and the ass mentioned; for whether it be the wise or the simple, we think that it signifies that the yoke of the law has worn their neck; that both have heard the voice of the seducer, and wandered wheresoever they listed in the path of error; till our Saviour at his coming, found all bound by the yoke of Satan,—all sunk in the one pit of concupiscence. "For all have sinned, and do need the glory of God, being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption which is in Christ JESUS." (Rom. iii. 23.)

"And he spoke a parable also, to them that were invited, marking how they chose the first seats at the table, saying to them: When thou art invited to a wedding, sit not down in the first place." In the literal sense, it is plain that this admonition of our Lord is designed to

* Dropsy, contracted from hydropsy.

teach us that humility is not only praiseworthy in the sight of God, but also before men. But since the evangelist, and that not without a purpose, calls this a parable, let us consider its mystical interpretation. From many passages it appears, that the union of Christ and his Church is called a wedding; as, for instance, "Can the children of the marriage fast, as long as the bridegroom is with them?" (St. Mark ii. 19.) And again, "The kingdom of heaven is likened to a king, who made a marriage for his son. And he sent his servants to call them that were invited to the marriage." (St. Math. xxii. 2.) Whosoever, then, that shall come invited to the marriage, that is, shall join himself to the members of the Church by the grace of faith, let him "not sit down in the first place;" that is, let him not by glorying in his merits, puff himself up, as if he were more exalted than others; but rather, let him be zealous according to the parable in another place, (St. Math. xxii. 12) to be clothed in a wedding-garment; that is, to shine brightly in the splendor of virtues; and to adorn himself in the habit of all virtues, in the place of devout humility. "Lest, perhaps, one more honorable than thou be invited by him: and he that invited thee and him, come and say to thee, Give this man place; and then thou begin with shame to take the lowest place." He gives thy place to one more honorable than thee, invited after thee; who by the merit of a long conversation has become more secure, and shown his activity in following Christ. And with shame you begin to take the last place; since knowing by experience that others are better than thyself, thou humblest thyself, saying with the prophet,—“I am poor, and in labors from my youth; and being exalted, have been humbled and troubled.”

Ps. lxxxvii. 16.)

“But when thou art invited, go sit down in the lowest place.” The greater thou art, he says, humble thyself the more in all things; and the Psalmist boasts, “I have been humbled, O Lord, exceedingly; quicken thou me according to thy word.” (Ps. cxviii. 107.) Manifestly signifying, that so as he felt that he was humbled, the more he would be quickened by the Lord. “And when he who invited thee cometh he may say to thee, “Friend, go up higher,” that is our Lord, when he cometh, shall bless him that is humble, by the name of a friend, and command him to go up higher. For “whosoever shall humble himself as a little child, he is the greater in the kingdom of heaven.” (St. Matthew xviii. 4.) “Then shalt thou have glory before them that sit at table with thee.” He says well, “Then shalt thou have glory,” lest you begin to seek that *now*, which is reserved for thee in the *end*; lest, as Solomon says, “The inheritance gotten hastily in the beginning, in the end shall be without a blessing.” (Prov. xx. 21.) Yea, even this may be understood of this life; when he that is found sitting in the lowest place, is raised up higher when his Lord cometh. For daily doth our Lord come to his marriage; daily he judgeth the manners, seats, and habits of his guests; and despising the proud, often vouchsafeth to the humble so many gifts of his spirit, that they are deservedly honored by those who sit at table with them, that is, they are glorified before the assembly of those that dwell in the faith, with the admiration of all; and filled with wonder in their Creator’s praise, they leap for joy, saying, “To me thy friends, O God, are made exceedingly honorable; their principality is exceedingly strengthened.” (Ps. cxxxviii. 17.) “Because, every one that exalteth himself shall be

humbled : and he that humbeth himself shall be exalted." From this conclusion it is manifest that the preceding discourse of our Lord was to be understood in a typical sense. For it is not now that every one that humbleth himself shall be exalted ; nor he that humbleth himself in the sight of men shall be exalted by them. But on the contrary, we see that he that is raised to the highest point of dignity, or acquireth the height of glory, often continues therein to the last ; and in like manner, the man that is humble and shame-faced, continueth in the mediocrity with which he is contented even to the end of his life. And therefore it is that, according to truth, every one that incautiously buildeth himself up in his own merit, shall be humbled by the Lord ; but he that providently humbleth himself in his good deeds, the same shall be exalted by Him. In which sense the words of our Lord are doubtless to be taken, wherein he forbids the taking the first place at the wedding feast.

"And he said to him also that had invited him ; when thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, nor thy kinsmen, nor thy neighbors who are rich." (v. 12.) Not that he would forbid the celebrating of feasts between friends, kinsmen or neighbors, who are rich, but to show that such could claim no reward, as sinners do the like to sinners to receive as much ; but that they are of none avail towards deserving eternal life. But "lest perhaps they also invite thee again, and a recompense be made to thee." He does not say, it is sin, but that you have a recompense ; like what he says elsewhere ; "If you do good to them who do good to you, what thanks are to you." (St. Luke vi. 33.) He does not say such is a sin, but that you have your thanks ; "For sinners also do this." (Ibid.) And this, al-

though often their feasts to their friends, kinsmen, and those that are rich in this world are such, that they not only receive a recompense here, but one in damnation in the life to come ; for they are accounted by the apostle amongst the works of darkness ; when he says ; "Let us walk honestly, as in the day ; not in rioting and drunkenness." (Rom. xiii. 13.) And such feasts of luxury are indeed rioting ; which are wont to be exhibited at great entertainments and tavern meetings, so that no one is ashamed to say or do what is unseemly ; as the impulse of much wine suggests, or the diverse pleasure of lust incites.

"But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind, and thou shalt be blessed ; because they have not wherewith to make thee recompense ; for recompense shall be made thee at the resurrection of the just." In the resurrection of the just he says, for though all shall rise, yet it is only properly *their* resurrection ; who in this doubt not but that they shall be blessed ; therefore he that calls the poor unto a feast, shall receive his reward in the world to come. He that calls his friends and kinsman, has already received his recompense. But yet if he does this, as holy Job did, at the command of God, he also who commanded it will give a reward ; but if he invite the glutton and luxurious, for lasciviousness' sake, he shall receive eternal punishment hereafter.

"When one of them that sat at table with him, had heard these things, he said to him : Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the Kingdom of God." He that eateth bread in the Kingdom of God, must not be understood as of food in the corporeal sense ; but particularly of that of which HE said ; "I am the living bread, which came down from Heaven : if

any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever." (St. John vi. 51.) That is, whosoever is wholly incorporated in the sacrament of my in-

carnation, shall deserve to enjoy the sight of my divine majesty. He shall enjoy the everlasting beatitude of immortal life.

HOMILY OF ST. JEROME,

ON THE GOSPEL FOR THE EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

GOSPEL.—St. Matth. ix. 1-8.—“ At that time : JESUS entering into a boat, he passed over the water and came into his own city. And behold, they brought to him one sick of the palsy, lying on a bed. And JESUS seeing their faith, said to the man sick of the palsy, Be of good heart, son, thy sins are forgiven thee. And behold, some of the scribes said within themselves: He blasphemeth. And JESUS, seeing their thoughts, said: Why do you think evil in your hearts? whether is it easier to say, Thy sins are forgiven thee; or say, Arise and walk. But that you may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins (then said he to the man sick of the palsy) Arise, take up thy bed, and go into thy house. And he arose and went into his house. And the multitude, seeing it, feared, and glorified God that gave such power to men.”

THIS day's lesson shows, that in his human actions, Christ performed divine mysteries, and by things visible, treated of those that are invisible. “ For JESUS, entering into a boat, he passed over the water.” Is this not HE, who, having made the waves to fly, laid bare the depths of the sea, so that the people of Israel went dry shod “ through the midst of the sea; for the water was as a wall on their right hand and on their left?” (Exod. xiv. 22.) Is it not HE who beckoned unto Peter to walk on the foaming billows, as then HE trod with human foot the liquid surface which became solid at his command? and why is it now that HE denies himself the service of the sea, so as to pass over the waters of this narrow lake in a fisherman's boat? “ For entering into a boat,” it is said, “ he passed over the water.” And why should we wonder, my brethren? Christ came to bear our infirmities and to confer on us the wholesome remedy of soundness; and as a physician who knows not how to cure can never restore health, so also, had HE not been weak with the weak, he

would not have conferred the gift of health on those that are infirm. So, then, if Christ had dwelt amongst us in all the plenitude of his power, he would have had nothing in common with men; and had he not fulfilled the condition of the flesh, his assuming our flesh would have been of none avail. Therefore, he took upon him our state of want, that by these human necessities he might be proved to be true man.

“ He went up into a little ship.” Christ went up into the ship of this world for ever to still its waves; that he might lead those that believe in Him, by a tranquil voyage to the heavenly haven; and make them free of its blessed privileges, whom he had vouchsafed to make partakers of his humanity. Christ then needed not the ship, but the ship needed Christ. Because, without the pilotage of Christ, the ship of the Church would not be able to sail through this world's sea, through so many and so great dangers, and to reach in safety the heavenly haven.

So far, my brethren, we have spoken in reference to the spiritual

interpretation of this passage, but let us follow in succession the order of this history. "Jesus entering into a boat, passed over the water, and came into his own city." Our Lord, the Creator of the whole world, from the time since he, for our sakes, straightened himself within the narrow bounds of our flesh, began to have a human country; he began to be a citizen of the Jewish state; He began to have parents, who was himself the Father of all parents; that his love might invite, his charity attract, his affection overcome, his humanity persuade, those whom condemnation had put to flight, whom fear had dispersed, whom the power of sin made outcasts.

"He came into his own city. And behold, they brought him one sick of the palsy, lying on a bed. And Jesus, seeing their faith, said to the man sick of the palsy: Be of good heart, son, thy sins are forgiven thee. He that was sick of the palsy hears his pardon, and is silent; neither does he return thanks, as if he thought more of the cure of his body than of his soul; he mourned so for the temporal afflictions of his enfeebled frame, that he wept not over the eternal punishments of his more weakened soul; reckoning this present life to be more pleasing than that to come. With good reason, does Christ look on the faith of those that bring the sick man to him, and in that so beholds the dotage of him that lyeth sick of the palsy, that by another's suffrage he would cure his soul rather than his body. "And seeing their faith," it is said. Observe in this passage that our Lord does not seek to fulfil the will of those that are witless; he does not look for the faith of the ignorant; he does not scan narrowly the silly desires of him that is sick; but rather brings relief by the faith of another. And in very deed, my

brethren, what physician is it that inquires after or pays regard to the wish of his patient, seeing the sick ever seeks and desires what is contrary to his recovery. Hence he prescribes the knife, the fire, or the bitter draught; and brings it to the patient all unwilling, that when he is well he may be sensible of his care, who, when he was sick was incapable of feeling it. And if the physician despises injuries and overlooks the reproaches of the sick, that by the means of a wound voluntarily given, he may confer on them life and health, how much more does Christ, our physician, by his divine goodness, treat those that lie in the disease of sins, and draweth those that labor under the phrensy of vice, yea even willing or unwilling, to salvation. Oh! that we would, my brethren—oh! that we would ever look earnestly on the palsied sickness of our souls! and behold our souls, lying destitute of virtue, on the bed of vice—how Christ would give us light! and He that looketh every day on our own noxious will, would draw us strongly to a wholesome cure, and cleanse us, all unwilling. "Son," he says, "thy sins are forgiven thee." This he says wishing it to be understood that he is God, who yet lay hid in his humanity to the eyes of men. From his virtues and signs, they compared him to the prophets, as if by his own might these had been done. But to forgive sins was not in the power of man; it was the singular token of the GODHEAD, inserted by God himself, in the hearts of men. The malice of the Pharisee proves this; for when he had said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," the Pharisees answered: "He blasphemeth. Who can forgive sins but God alone?" O Pharisee, who, in thy knowledge, showest thy ignorance, who deniest what you confess, seeing you impugn what you have

borne witness to? If he be the God, who remitteth sins, why then is not Christ thy God, who by one gift of his forgiveness is proved to have taken away the sins of the whole world. "Behold," saith the Gospel, "behold the Lamb of God—behold him who taketh away the sin of the world." (St. John i. 29.) But that you may understand still higher tokens of his divinity; see him now he has penetrated into the secret place of thy breast. Behold how he has reached into the lurking places of your thoughts, acknowledge that he has laid bare the counsel of thy heart. "And Jesus seeing their thought, said; Why do you think evil in your hearts? whether it is easier to say, thy sins are forgiven thee: or to say, arise and walk: But that you may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins (then said he to the man sick of the palsy,) Arise, take up thy bed, and go into thy

house: and he arose and went into his house." The searcher of hearts, came to the deep counsel of their mind: and by the testimony of his work, showed the power of his GODHEAD, whilst he puts together the limbs of the scattered body, binds on the sinews, joins the bones together, completes the bowels, strengthens their might, recalls life, raises up from the dead, and sets them among the living who were buried in the grave. "Take up thy bed," that is, take up what carries you; change ye the course of thy burthen. That what was a token of thy sickness, may now be a proof of thy health, that the bed of thy sorrow may be the sign of thy cure; that the greatness of its weight may avouch for the greatness of thy recovered strength. "Go," he says "into thy house," that being cured by the Christian faith, you may linger now no more in the ways of Judaical perfidy.

HOMILY OF ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM,

ON THE GOSPEL FOR THE SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

GOSPEL.—St. Matth. xxii. 35–46.—"At that time the pharisees came to Jesus, and one of them, a doctor of the law, asked him, tempting him: Master, which is the great commandment of the law? JESUS said to him: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind. This is the greatest, and the first commandment. And the second is like to this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments dependeth the whole law and the prophets. And the Pharisees being gathered together, JESUS asked them, saying: What think you of Christ,—whose son is he? They say to him: David's. He saith to them: How then doth David in spirit call him Lord, saying: The Lord said to my Lord, sit on my right hand, until I make thy enemies thy footstool? If David then call him Lord, how is he his son? And no man was able to answer him a word; neither durst any man from that day forth ask him any more questions."

OFTENTIMES, when the Jews tempted Christ by divers questions, they got an answer that was destruction to themselves, but salvation unto us. For the words of Christ

wrought in them to confusion, but in us to edification; for his answers overthrew them, but convinced them not; their malice was often confuted, but never allayed. Such

pharisees are all they who contend against the truth; who strive earnestly not to defend, but rather to subvert the truth. For he that contends for the truth, when he comes to the knowledge of the truth, consents to the truth. But he that, contrary to the truth, consents not to the truth, it is evident that from the first he contended not for the truth, but took part against the truth. Hear, then, oh faithful man, who contendest with a heretic. If the Pharisees were convinced, you also, in your contest with a heretic, mayest be able to convince him when you overcome him. But if the Pharisees were overcome but not convinced, how shall you be able to convince when thou hast overcome? Are you stronger than Christ, that thou canst convince those whom he convinced not? They ought rather to fear the example of the Sadducees; lest on their questioning him in like manner, they be confounded; but ardent malice, while it hastens to satisfy itself, looks not to the conclusion of the affair,—for so that he may hurt another, he spares not himself. If his antagonists have as yet overcome no one, haply, with reason, he hoped that he might overcome him by whom no one was beaten. Now what did they think, that they were stronger than all? yea, rather, more foolish than all; who, confounded by all, yet feared not in like manner to be put to shame.

“And coming together, one of them, a doctor of the law, asked him.” They sought to overcome him by their numbers, who could not by reason. They confessed that they were defenceless in respect of the truth,—who armed themselves with a crowd, for they said among themselves, let one speak for all, and let all speak in this one; so that if he overcame, they might all seem to have the better; but if he was

overcome, only one should be put to confusion. O, ye Pharisees, whose thoughts and deeds are all for the sake of men! For first coming with one, when you were overcome in one, then you thought that one being overcome, men would not perceive that you were all overcome. Does not your conscience perceive that you have all been put to confusion? For it is but a poor consolation for a man that is put to confusion, to know that this is unknown to others.

“Master, which is the great commandment of the law?” He calls him master, though he will not be his disciple. The question is very simple, but the design most malignant;—he asks which is the great commandment of the law, who keeps not the least. For he only ought to speak of the greater who has kept the least. But our Lord so saw through his flimsy pretence, that he touches the conscience of the questioner. “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind.” Not as thou declarest—with your lips, while you meditate deceit in thy heart. We speak of a greater and lesser commandment, in respect of their dignity, however, not as to their usefulness. In other respects, the usefulness of all the commandments is one and the same thing: and all are so joined one unto the other, that one cannot be without the other. As, for example, if one were to ask of the building of a house which part is the most important? You say, the foundation: thus, there can be no building without a foundation, so neither can there be a foundation unless a building be super-imposed on it, the foundation of which it is. Thus a foundation is of more worth than the building, but not more useful. So also, the head is more worthy than the members; but yet

the members are nothing without the head, nor the head without the members. So the priests are more worthy than the people, but not more useful; yet there cannot be a people without priests, nor priests without a people. So this commandment is more worthy,—“Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart;” but its usefulness is one and the same with “Thou shalt not covet,” or “Thou shalt not kill;” for he that loveth God will neither kill nor covet,—but he that killeth or coveteth loveth not the Lord his God. Now that there are lesser commandments, our Lord clearly shows. “If any one break one of these least commandments, and shall so teach men, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of God.” “Thou shalt love,” he says, not, “thou shalt fear;” for love is more than fear. He that is least in the worship of God hath fear; but love is perfection, as St. John says:—“Perfect love casteth out fear.” (1 John iv. 18.) For until man fears God, he loves him not, but when he has begun to love him, he now not only fears him, but rather loves him the more. For fear is for slaves, love for children: fear is under a necessity, love is free. He that serves God in fear, escapeth a certain punishment, but hath no reward of justice; since he does good as if unwillingly, through the motive of fear. God then wisheth not to be feared by men as their Lord, but be loved as their Father, who hath given the spirit of adoption to men. For if we consider the cause of man’s first creation, we find that God would rather be the Father, than the Lord over men. For he said not, let us make man; but, “Let us make man to our own image and likeness.” (Gen. i. 26.) And it is fitting that sons should be like their parents, but not servants like their masters. Now, what is it to love God with all

your hearts, but that your heart be not inclined to the love of any thing more than God; that you take not delight in the beauty of the world, but of God; not in honors; not in gold or silver; not in possessions and vineyards; not in your herdsmen, and cattle; not in adornments, and comely raiment; not in children, relations, and friends; but rather that you may reckon all these things to be your’s in God; and for all these that you may love God the more. Now if your heart be set on any of these things, then you love not God with all your heart; for in proportion as your heart is set on any of these things, the less is it set on God. Thus, if a man has a wife, how does he know that he has the full love of his wife; a wife ought to think no one wiser than her husband; and though another may be wiser, yet, in regard to her, she ought to know no such a one. A woman ought to esteem no one braver than her husband; and though there be one more brave, still she ought not to see him so. A wife ought to think no one more comely than her husband; and although there be a more handsome, yet in her eyes there should be none more comely. Complete hatred, or perfect love knows no judgment; for if you wholly hate any one, let him do what he will, all will be displeasing in your eyes that he does; and the good he does will seem evil in your sight. And so, in like manner, if you perfectly love any one, whatsoever he says or does, will please you; and even what is bad will seem good in your regard. Thus, again, if a wife, on seeing any one, should say; what a wise man, would that my husband were such as he! By so doing, she shows that she loves him less than with a perfect love. Or if, on seeing any one, she were to say, how handsome a man, would that my husband were as comely!

such a speech would show that her love fell short of perfect love, and in proportion as she praises any good quality in another, more than in her own husband, by so much is her love the less towards her own husband. So, in like manner, is every Christian soul; as it is the spouse of Christ, and it ought to comprehend God, so that there should be nothing in the world it loves more than Him. For in proportion as she loves anything more than him, so does she love God the less. Now, what is it to love God with the whole soul? It is to have the mind most assured in the truth, and firm in the faith; for the love that springs from the heart is one thing, that of the soul another. The love that springs from the heart is in a certain degree carnal; so that we love God, as it were, through a carnal motive; but this we cannot do unless we withdraw from the love of worldly things. For like a chaste woman who loves none other like her own husband; who, if she loves another man, loves not then her husband; so, also, if man love God, he loves not the world, but if he love the world, then he loveth not God with all his heart: therefore, love that springs from the heart is not understood in the heart, but felt, as it were, in a certain measure carnally. But love that is of the soul is not felt in the heart, but understood; because the love of the soul is the token that you have learned that God is one, by whom are all things. So again, if thy understanding, struck by the seduction of any strange doctrine, shall begin to have doubts of the nature of God, such an one loveth not God with all his soul. But he that believeth that all love is in God, and that all good is in God; who believes that out of God, there is no good; who believes that God is all virtue, and all wisdom; who believes that God

doeth all things, and that without God nothing can be done. Such an one loveth God with all his mind. What is it, then, to love God with the whole mind? It is this: when all the sentient qualities which appertain to the mind are given up wholly to God; whose intellect ministers to God; whose wisdom is all about God; whose thoughts are solely on what relates to God; whose memory only records what is good;—such an one loveth God with his whole mind; as the apostle says: “I will sing with the spirit, I will sing also with the understanding.” (1 Cor. xiv. 15.) But he whose intellect understandeth not the things which are of God; who has no relish of what belongs to God; or whose knowledge of him is vain and worldly; or whose remembrance of him is not good; whose thoughts are displeasing to God; such an one loveth not God with his whole mind.

“This is the first, and the greatest commandment. And the second is like to this. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” Christ seems not to answer the question. For he asks, which is the greatest commandment, namely, when he said, “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God,” and if he would introduce another commandment, he ought to call it the least, not the second; in regard to its being first and second. But observe what he would show: “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God,”—this is the first, and a great commandment: “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,”—this is indeed a great commandment, but not the first; and, therefore, he said it was like to the first. Now, consider the mystery. Who is our neighbor? It is Christ; who, taking upon himself our human flesh, became our neighbor; as Christ himself showed in that parable, when the Pharisee had said: “And who

is my neighbor?" (St. Luke x. 29.) He introduces a man who, having been wounded by robbers, and despised by a priest, is relieved by a Samaritan; and this Samaritan is Christ. Therefore, the first is also a great commandment, to love (that is, to know) God the Father; therefore the Son of God is as great as his Father; for whatever the Father can do, the Son can do; for, "the Father loveth the Son; and He hath given all things into his hand." (St. John iii. 35.) But since the Son, by the gift of his Father, can do all things like the Father, therefore is God the Father great and first; but the Son is also God, and great, although not the first; as the apostle saith: "Looking for the blessed hope and coming of the great God, and our Saviour, Jesus Christ." (Titus ii. 13.)

But we must also understand that all the faithful are our neighbors, since he that loveth a faithful man, is as he that loveth God; for man is the image of God. As a king is honored or despised in his likeness, so is God loved or hated in his likeness, man; for no one can hate man who loveth God; and, conversely, no, no one can love God who hateth man; as the apostle St. John says, "For he that loveth not his brother whom he seeth, how can he love God, whom he seeth not?" (1 John iv. 20.) Who honors the king and despises the image? and who honors the image and despiseth the original? Or again: since the Pharisees knew that it was indeed the great commandment, and put the question to him, tempting him; He wished to show them that the simple acknowledgment of one only God, was not sufficient for salvation; he not only said, "Thou shalt love

the Lord thy God, with thy whole heart, and with all thy soul," but he added, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," which was himself. Otherwise, had he replied to their question alone, it would have been enough to say, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God;" and he would not have added, "and thy neighbor as thyself;" according to what he says elsewhere, "This is eternal life: that they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." (St. John xvii. 3.) And observe, he does not say, "Thou shalt know the Lord thy God," but "thou shalt love." For to know that there is a true God is almost the property of human nature; but to love him is the property only of a devout and upright heart. And whosoever shall love God with all his heart, it is not possible but that he come also to the knowledge of his Son; that is, of his neighbor. For that very love of God which is in him, enlightening him, will be a guide to him to come to the knowledge of the Son also.

"On these two commandments, dependeth the whole law and the prophets." For he that loveth his neighbor, will not kill; neither will he lie to him whom he loveth; neither will he bear false witness against him whom he loveth; nor will he lay hold of his wife. "*Sicut odium omne malum suggerit, sic dilectio omne bonum.*" As hatred suggests all evil, so love is the mother of all good. Whence the apostle speaks of "Faith that worketh by charity." (Gal. v. 6.) So, also, since all the preaching of the prophets and of the law was from the Father and the Son, by whom any one that knoweth his neighbor, that is, the Son of

*Let our unhappy brethren who are spiritual Iconoclasts, examine seriously this doctrine; and say whether they can be right in refusing a relative honor to the images of

Christ, and his saints, of the dear remembrance of our dying Lord, and of his faithful followers.

GOD, came to the first and great commandment, so as to love God the better because he came to the knowledge of him through himself.

“And the Pharisees being gathered together, Jesus asked them, saying: What think you of Christ? whose son is he? They say to him, David’s.” The Jews, thinking him man, tempted him; for they never would have tempted him, had they believed him to be the Son of God. Christ, therefore, wishing to show that he saw through the fallacy of their hearts; that it was not man whom they tempted, but God, “who can be tempted of no man;” would neither declare to them openly the truth regarding himself, nor yet be silent. He would not tell them openly, lest taking hold of an occasion of evil, the Jews should rage blaspheming. Nor would he be wholly silent respecting the truth, for to this end he had come, to manifest the truth. He therefore proposed to them a question in like manner; that while he was silent, the very question should show to them who he was. How could he be called his lord, who was born of him? A question, I think, that may be put not only against the Pharisees, but against the heretics. For, according to the flesh, he was truly the son of David; but the

Lord, according to his divinity. If, then, Christ is called according to the flesh, the Christ; or, according to the flesh, is ordered to sit on the right hand of the Father; as the heretics hastening to compose what is false from this equality, suppose, never would Christ have denied that he was the Son of David. For we may have a son who may be after us; but the Lord cannot, unless he be either with us or before us. Now Christ, according to the flesh, is after David—according to his divinity before him. Therefore, he signifies that He was before him; therefore he showed that he was his Lord; he showed that he would be ordered to sit; he who now was, that is, the only begotten God.

“And no man was able to answer him a word; neither durst any man, from that day forth, ask him any more questions.” The confusion of many had thus become the instruction of all; for if we believe that all things are done according to the Providence of God, we shall understand why Christ, on their ceasing to ask questions, yet ceases not to teach; but that Christ was silent because they durst not ask him any more questions; for He that hath set bounds to the sea, setteth also limits to the power of the devil striving against him, whensoever he pleaseth.

THE OLD DESK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HARRY LAYDEN," ETC.

WHEN I was a child, my Uncle Hugh, after a life of wanderings and vicissitudes, returned, worn, feeble and old, to spend the evening of his days in the house of my father. Yes, worn, feeble and old; for, though many years younger, he was a far older looking man than my father, whose temperate enjoyment of a moderate prosperity had left upon his healthful countenance few of those marks by which the progress of time is to be traced. Very different, however, was it with poor Uncle Hugh! Upon his furrowed brow, and faded cheek, was written, in characters not to be mistaken, a tale of fiery passions and blighted hopes, now followed by that wasting of the heart and of the spirit which so surely leads to premature old age or an early grave.

But, notwithstanding his appearance of suffering, both in body and mind, his manner was untinged with moroseness or even impatience; and he received with such evident, though silent, thankfulness, any little attention to his wants, that it was to all a positive pleasure to serve him. For my own part, nothing could gratify me more than to be allowed to take up to him his morning meal, which, on account of his infirmities, he usually took in bed; to help him to his hat and cane; or, to run for his pipes and tobacco; for, except his half-hour's walk in the middle of the day, he had no enjoyment but in his pipe; and, though not addicted to, what some of the over nice are pleased to term the "filthy weed," I shall always feel a

grateful kindness towards it, for the benign influence it was wont to shed over the troubled spirit of poor Uncle Hugh.

Well, a few years passed, and my Uncle Hugh was gathered to his fathers; leaving to his brother and his heirs the whole of his worldly goods, consisting of a few well-worn garments, with which certain wood and coal carriers were soon after enriched; his tobacco pouch and pipe, which I claimed as my own especial property, and have ever since preserved; and a portable oaken desk, in a most delapidated condition.

That old desk! How often have I racked my childish brain in conjecturing its contents. Was it money, that Uncle Hugh should keep it so carefully locked? O no! The proud spirit of my uncle would never have suffered him to return to the home of better days in that rusty old coat, those soiled and shrunken coarse trousers, and that napless hat, if he had wherewithal to procure better. No, it certainly was not money, nor any thing convertible into money, although he had hinted more than once at something that was to shed new lustre upon our ancient name, and bring wealth into the family coffers. What could it be? Ah, I had it at last! In that old desk were, in all probability, the title-deeds of lands in the "far west," or Texas, or, perhaps, the moon; and, satisfied with this solution of the mystery, I was contented to leave the fuller developments thereof to time.

Well, as I have said, my Uncle

Hugh died. But not until an intercourse with the world had taught me the folly of looking for a fortune among the effects of one whose labors had been productive of little else than indigence and sorrow; and the old desk was consigned unopened to the dust and darkness of a lumber-room. And here it was permitted to rest undisturbed, until a new race of urchins had taken the places of my brothers and sisters, who, as men and women, had gone forth into the world, and left to me the masterdom of our ancestral home.

Now it so happened that an adventurous little monkey of some four summers, being in want of something that he could not find in the habitable part of the house, made an incursion into that *terra incognita*, the lumber-room; and, in his eagerness for discoveries, upset the rickety table on which the old desk had reposed, and brought it with a tremendous crash to the floor!

In a moment there was a general rush to the garret, when we found

the little marauder trembling, with fright, but not in the least hurt, and the contents of the old desk, which was opened by the fall, scattered all over the room.

Here, then, were the treasures which the poor old man had hoarded with such care! Bundles of old letters that, in all probability, long outlived those whose names they bore; numerous journals, in which certain passages in the life of the writer were recorded with fearful truth; pieces of poetry of almost every description; and a great variety of stories, by which the author had earned, at the best, but little more than the praise contained in these words of the pious Southwell, that he had "*wisely told a foolish tale, and carried a long lie very smoothly to the end.*" But, on the merit of these productions, the public is now called upon to pass judgment, for it is the intention of the editors to furnish the readers of the "Expositor" something like the following each month from "The Old Desk:"—

THE SHEPHERD'S DREAM.

"Forget thee? No! Heaven's genial dew
May cease to clothe the hills with green;—
And spring with flowers of every hue
To decorate this sylvan scene;—
"The sun may cease to shed his light
On earth;—the moon to rule the deep;—
And earth, wrapped in the pall of night,
May cease her wonted course to keep;—
"But while this heart with life is warm,
Though all the crowns of earth were mine,
It can enshrine but one dear form—
And that, sweet Coralie! is thine!"

Thus sang the shepherd Etienne, as reclining upon a flowery knoll with his flock reposing at his feet, he gave himself up to the indulgence of those day dreams, in which so much of the happiness of a shepherd's life consists. And in all his dreams, whether by day or night, the fair form of the shepherdess Coralie was sure to mingle; and the song he now addressed to her, was drawn forth by an accusation which she that morning had laughingly made, that, notwithstanding all his vows of constancy, a change in his fortune would be productive of as great a change as his affection for her.

In a few minutes Etienne was aroused from the reverie into which he had fallen, by a strain of the most exquisite music. He raised his eyes, and, lo! the valley was filled with a countless host, in dresses more magnificent than any thing he had ever imagined, even in the moments that fancy had held undisputed sovereignty over the empire of his mind. Cloths of gold and of silver, with velvets and silks of the most gorgeous dyes, ornamented with precious stones of immense value, covered the whole multitude, and the glittering of their helmets, amid the forest of plumes that waved above them, was like the brightness of the noon-day sun seen through the waving pines that covered the adjacent mountains.

Etienne, starting to his feet, gazed around with mingled wonder, terror, and delight. Just then a venerable man, in long flowing robes, of the whiteness of unsunned snow, attended by a number of beautiful youths in white tunics, with sandalled feet, crowns of flowers upon their heads, and harps in their hands, came towards him, bearing a cushion, on which was placed a crown, the splendor of which almost struck him blind. The old man having approached, now knelt at his feet;

and at that moment a deafening shout arose from the assembled multitude that seemed to make the very mountains tremble, and a thousand echoes replied, "Hail to our noble prince!" and then it seemed that every instrument used since the days of Jubal burst forth in a strain of the proudest exultation.

Etienne was bewildered. But scarcely had he time to conjecture what all this could mean, when the old man, hailing him as the long-lost son of his revered master, rose, and placed the crown upon his head. Again the shouts of the multitude rose to heaven, and the many-tongued echoes gave back the shout of "*Long live King Etienne!*" and again the instruments of music uttered their voices in triumph. Then a number of men advanced, bearing a throne, covered by a canopy of rich velvet fringed with gold, on which the youth was seated, and borne through the crowd that knelt on every side; and thus did he leave the valley in which he had passed so many happy years, without bestowing a thought upon the companions of his childhood—or even upon Coralie, to whom he had plighted his faith!

Soon after Etienne's accession to the throne of his fathers, he received from a neighboring monarch the offer of an alliance, which was to be confirmed by his marriage with that king's only daughter, of whose charms he had already received a most favorable report. This proposal was readily and joyfully accepted by him, for he was determined to strengthen himself in his new position by every means in his power; and immediate preparations were accordingly made for the marriage of the royal pair.

In a few days a courier arrived with the intelligence that the princess, with the king, her father, and a splendid retinue of dames and

nobles, was within a day's journey of his capital; and Etienne, with the flower of his nobility, sat out to meet her. By a strange chance they met in the very valley to which Etienne had so lately bidden adieu. But he thought not of the valley, nor of its inhabitants, when he looked upon the beautiful being who was to become his bride; and with a transport of pleasure he was about to clasp the fair hand that was modestly held out to him, when the shepherdess Coralie rushed between them.

"Thou hast sworn, Etienne," she exclaimed, "that I alone should be thy bride, and that oath shall be kept."

"Foolish maiden!" answered he scornfully, as he thrust her aside,

"canst thou think the vows of a shepherd-boy should be binding upon a powerful king?"

At that moment a sound was heard as of many thunders; the mighty earth rocked to its very centre, and more than midnight darkness veiled the face of heaven! The next, Etienne found himself alone in the valley—his kingly robes changed to shepherds' weeds, and his courtly train to the flock that was feeding around him. All had been but a dream. But in that dream a useful lesson had been conveyed to his heart; and when at the holy altar he entered into the marriage covenant with the beautiful Coralie, his most earnest prayer was, that he might not be led into temptation.

THE LATE VENERABLE BISHOP DUBOIS.

At last, after a protracted, eventful, and immensely-useful life, this illustrious prelate, whose memory will be held in benediction by the American church, has rested from his labors, and gone to receive the reward of his good works. The fifty odd years which he spent in the United States were years of unremitting labor, and unquenched zeal, for the promotion of religion. What pen can do justice to the vast subject which here spreads before our view! Let the two great monuments, which, like the pillars of Hercules, will ever remain to immortalize his memory, speak of his worth and usefulness—the Mountain-Seminary, and the Sisterhood of the Valley! With justice might

he have inscribed on these splendid trophies:—

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius
Regalique situ Pyramidum altius.
Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitatit Libitinam"—

Hor. Carm. lib. iii. od. xxx.

The number of distinguished clergymen, and even bishops, whom he formed, is almost incredible. If we did not behold the fact before our own eyes, it would seem to defy belief. Besides these, what eminent scholars, statesmen, and citizens were cradled under his paternal and fostering care! There are few parts of the world where the intelligence of his decease will not reach some

ancient *élève*, and wring deep sorrow from many a saddened heart.

Even here, in this heterogenous scene of his later exertions and virtues, his loss will be sincerely deplored. For, although, during a few years, taking no active part in the administration of the diocese, and reduced, by infirmity, to almost a wreck, mental and physical, of what he once had been, nevertheless, he remained among us like an old and revered parent, an aged and saintly patriarch in the midst of his children, delighting to be among them, cherishing them with gentle and sincere attachment, and bringing perpetually before their contemplation the true model of an ecclesiastic, the impersonation of a Catholic prelate, and the character of a venerable gentleman.

To the end, his peculiar character of bodily activity and undaunted moral strength evinced itself in many circumstances, especially that of his having forced himself to say mass the very day on which he received the sacrament of extreme unction. This was less than a week previous to his departure from the land of his labors. During his last illness, he uttered not a single word of complaint, nor gave the smallest sign of impatience. His countenance was, as usual, lighted with the smile—the last faint smile, like the last ray of the setting sun—and his manner was as bland and courteous to all who approached him as when in the full enjoyment of health and dignity. The piety for which he was so distinguished, and the habit of ecclesiastical bearing which became with him a second nature, lingered in his heart and on his actions to the moment of his agony. He seemed to suffer but little pain, and his death was as calm as the sleep of an infant.

The details of the missionary labors of this lamented prelate would

fill a volume: and no doubt they will, in due time, be collected and preserved for the benefit of posterity. At present, we can do no more than append a synoptical sketch of the principal events of his life, as published in a journal of this city.

“Bishop Dubois was born in Paris, on the 24th of August, 1764. In September, 1787, he was ordained Priest. The French Revolution breaking out soon after, he emigrated to the United States, in 1791. He arrived in Richmond, Virginia, in the month of July of that year, and was most kindly received by the illustrious Patriots of that period, the Washingtons, the Henrys, the Randolphs, and Marshalls, of Virginia, to whom he came recommended by letters from General Lafayette. During two years he continued among them, improving himself in English, and at the same time giving lessons in French in some of those distinguished families, whilst he administered the consolations of religion to the Catholics of that vicinity. In 1794, the venerable Archbishop Carroll appointed him Pastor of a Congregation in Frederick, Maryland. In 1808, he founded Mount St. Mary's College, now one of the most popular and prosperous literary institutions in the country. In the same year he was charged with the superintendence of a community of religious ladies, at St. Josephs, who had taken the resolution to consecrate themselves to the service of God, and of the poor, for God's sake. They were but three or four, having the late amiable and saintly Mrs. Seton, of this city, for their Mother Superior. This mustard seed Bishop Dubois was appointed to plant and protect; and, like his College, he lived to see it become a tree, extending its branches to every part of the country—for who has heard of orphans, and not heard of the ‘Sisters of Charity?’

"In 1826, Dr. Dubois was appointed Bishop of New-York, and consecrated on the 29th of October of that year—and died consequently in the sixteenth year of his episcopacy, and the fifty-fifth of his priesthood.

"He was a faithful and laborious missionary—walking in devotedness to his sacred ministry, and his

God—and carrying with him, as he passed from youth to old age, through a long and spotless life, the esteem and veneration of all who knew him. His death was like his life—a beautiful and profound lesson of edification to those who had the melancholy consolation of witnessing it."

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

THE DAWN OF FREEDOM.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

REJOICE, rejoice, 'tis freedoms' right
Proudly to meet the ruthless foe ;
No more we fear the foeman's might,
For the Lord of hosts is our leader now.
The conquerer conquered writhes in vain,
Gone is his triumph, hushed the strain
His cohorts swelled in revelry.
Rejoice, rejoice, our chains are riven,
By angel choirs the strain is given,
And earth responsive shouts to heaven,—
A world! a world! is free!

The bonfires' blaze, the cannons' roar,
The deep-toned bell chimed merrily ;
Heralds of strife and death, no more
Proclaim a nation's jubilee.
But a world enfranchised! who shall raise
The voice, to sound our champion's praise
The happy note begin?
The lightning-flash, the thunder-roll,
O'er earth and sea, from pole to pole,
Shall the power and might of him extol,
Who hath vanquished death and sin.

The morning stars shall greet the earth
As erst they hailed creation's morn,
And with the tidings of his birth
Announce the promised Saviour born.
In old ocean's depths shall the echo be
Of the soul-inspiring minstrelsy,
And the winds sweet music bear.
Bright orbs of heaven, the strain prolong,—
Join, ye bright trains, our joyous song,
Join, youth and age, the weak, the strong,
For the Lord hath heard our prayer.

Lo! where 'neath Bethlehem's humblest roof,
Fall prostrate men of reverend years,
Quail, pride, before the stern reproof,—
A king—a Saviour here appears!
He comes, not as earth's warriors come,
With the sound of trump, or the roll of drum,
Nor with thrust-repelling mail.
The *good* are his warriors, truth and right
The weapons they grasp for the coming fight;
Their leader is there as an angel of light,
And affrighted guilt turns pale.

Resistless, still roll his legions on,
But no savage brand they bear;
Their banner is bright, as the blazing sun,
And the holy cross is there.
Oh! proudly that banner bear this day,
Christ's ensign to every eye display,
For it is a day of victory.
Grant us, kind heaven, seraphic fire,
With this our o'er-full hearts inspire
To sing with voice, and harp, and lyre,
A world! a world! is free!

LYNCH.

ERASMUS.

If we consider him as a genius and a scholar, envy itself must own he holds a rank which very few have ever attained. Born of mean parentage, and in a climate as little famed for ripening minds as improving morals, his native vigor raised him above these disadvantages; and the unhappiness of a sordid education, by which the knavery of his guardians, after having reduced him to great straits with respect to fortune, sought to depress his growing parts, only served to make him exert them with greater superiority. Though he came into the world in an age when learning, in all its denominations, was revived in those southern climes, which Greece had enriched with all her stores, he wanted the favorable circumstance of passing any part of his youth among such as were so capable of forming him to justness and elegance, both of thought, sentiment, and expression. But these checks were compensated by a beautiful and rich imagination, an exquisite discernment, and a happy memory. His industry could not be surpassed but by the ease with which the most various and difficult attainments became almost as familiar to him, as those notions which open on the mind at the first dawn of reason; and in which Dean Swift, among the moderns, seems to be his only rival. The result of these qualifications was an incredible insight into sacred and profane antiquity, a critical judgment, a complete knowledge of the learned languages, and a happiness of expressing himself in the Latin, which few have equalled.

His long and entertaining *Dialogue on the Ciceronian Style*, and his other dialogues; his letters, which are very numerous, and take in a most unusual variety of matter, are proofs of the readiness of his parts. The editions of the Fathers, with the fine prefaces and dedications prefixed to some of them, show his extensive reading; and, in most of these works, the knowledge of men and manners keeps pace with his skill in books. But, what a polite and discerning age will with gratitude ever acknowledge, he greatly contributed to bring into discredit that barbarous gibberish, those trifling and unmeaning discussions, and that dark and pedantic drudgery, which for so many centuries had disgraced the schools, and debased the minds and understandings of those who frequented them. He introduced studies of a real and positive nature, suited to use and improvement, and which have a tendency to raise, polish, and better mankind. There are infinite excellencies scattered through the most exceptionable of his writings; and the reader is everywhere struck with the fruitfulness of his genius, and the rapidity of his pen. These are commendations to which Erasmus has the justest claim: and if the other view of this extraordinary personage, in which the Christian is concerned, no less than the scholar, was equally luminous, the best of causes would never have had an abler or more seasonable advocate, or a greater ornament. Whether this be the case or not, the reader, if he happens to be unprovided of a

more correct criterion, may judge from the following:—

There has scarce been any error advanced against the religion which he professed, and, I might almost add, against Christianity itself, which he has not revived; or any tenet in that divine plan of belief and practice, which he has not oppugned, either by profane sneers or sophistry. That this licentiousness might still wear the face of reason, he has made use of the most unfair means which imposture could suggest; and vitiated, denied, or strained to a false construction those documents, by which the doctrines he attacks are supported. Had Erasmus barely rejected the invocation of saints, as not grounded on Scripture; and asserted, that nothing is to be received but what is delivered there, he would have done no more than many others who dissent from the Catholic Church: but the manner in which he has treated the devotion paid to the Mother of our Redeemer, and the indignity with which he speaks of her who was *blessed among women*, are flights of impiety too outrageous to be of-

fered even to the censure of a Christian reader, and must give no less offence, to all sensible and judicious Protestants than to Catholics.* The six reasons which he assigns against the custom of having recourse to her intercession, at the beginning of sermons, are all weak, and most of them false and profane.† In consequence of these principles, he informs one of his acquaintance, “that though he had written some things to the honor of the Blessed Virgin, it was against his will; that his heart had no share in a composition, which was undertaken to please his friend *Bassus*, and a woman of quality.”‡ He asserts the Church to be nowhere visible; and was about to compose the epitaph of JESUS CHRIST, as one who was no more, since Luther’s breast alone contained a few sparks of the gospel. There are no commendations which he does not bestow on Luther’s writings and innovations, in which he encourages him to persist.§ The privileges which he ascribes to the marriage state in preference to celibacy, are set forth with such indecency, that a *Cynic* could not have

* Colloq. Peregrin. Rel. ergò. Annot. in Luc. c. i. The most shameful part of this commentary no longer appears in the place cited; but it may be seen in Erasmus’s answer to Ed. Lee, and in Sutor the Carthusian. Salmeron and Possevin make mention of it; the first, p. 274 de Marià; the other, p. 1098 de Præpar. ad Mortem.

† Ecclesiastes.

‡ Reliqua omnia penè alieno scripsi stomacho præsertim Pæana et obsecrationem, quod laboris datum est animo Bassi mei, et affectibus Annæ Principis Verianæ. A Panegyrico sic abhorrebam, ut non meminerim quicquam suisse à me magis reluctantè scriptum animo.

§ Interea servandus animus, ne vel irà, vel odio, vel glorià corrumpatur; nam hæc in medio pietatis studio solet insidiari. Hæc non admoneo ut facias, sed ut quod facis perpetuo facias. Degustavi Commentarios tuos in Psalmos: vehementer arident et spero magnam utilitatem allaturos. Est Antuerpiæ Prior ejus Monasterii, verè purè Christianus, qui te unicè deamat, tuus olim

Discipulus, ut prædicat. Is omnium pæne solus Christum prædicat. Cæteri ferè aut hominum fabulas aut suum quæstum. Dominus Jesus tibi suum spiritum indes uberius impertiat ad suam gloriam et publicam utilitatem.

These Commentaries of Luther on the Psalms, with which Erasmus is so taken, and which he hopes will be so useful to the public, contain the following doctrines, among others equally orthodox and edifying. That the righteousness of good works is an impiety; that the church is a gulf of God’s wrath; Rome, the seat of Satan and of Anti-Christ; the co-operation of free-will, a falsehood and a folly; the ceremonies of the Church, a destruction of God’s commandments; good works, heinous sins; the private spirit of each of the faithful, the true rule of faith; John Huss, a martyr to truth, for which he was put to death; theology, an impiety; private masses, a mockery; and the propositions he maintained at Leipsic, so many Catholic verities.

other ideas, nor clothe them in coarser terms. Though a priest, and advanced in years, he relates his gallantries in England, in a style more becoming the stewards than the monastery, in which, with the other obligations of that state, he vowed chastity. When he speaks of auricular confession, every assertion is an error; and in a treatise of it, in two parts, having enumerated the advantages in the first, he refutes, in the second, all he had advanced, and concludes it to be a snare to true piety; for which he has assigned a reason, which shall not foul this page. He disapproves of the distinction of food, the observance of Lent, and other appointed fasts, and of the single life of the clergy. There is no sort of disparagement with which he has not loaded the monastic profession; he vilifies their persons, their habit, observances and vows, by every indignity which malice can prompt, or scurrility utter. The Fathers meet with no better reception. The Evangelists themselves are accused of inaccuracy, and want of good faith, when they alledge the testimony of the Prophets: and, by this critic's good will, one canonical book ought to receive a more authentic acknowledgment of divine inspiration than another. I omit what he says against the freedom of our will, and numberless other articles, in all which he dissents from the spirit of the Catholic Church, from the principles of her approved writers, and betrays a mind totally warped from her rule of rectitude.

This affinity of sentiments produced the consideration, which Luther in his turn had for Erasmus: he tells him, "he read his works with the greatest application, and found his chief delight in them."

The Protestants are agreed with the Catholics on their resemblance, and give Erasmus a title, which they esteem glorious, of having been the forerunner of the reformation. "It was his writings," says a celebrated author of that party, "which encouraged Luther, and determined him to attack the church; and in laughing at the pope, at confession and ceremonies, he did no more than Erasmus had done twenty years before."* He himself acknowledges, "that the storm which Lutheranism had raised was imputed to him." His volatile temper, together with some selfish considerations, not allowing him to adhere steadily to either side, a Lutheran writer exposed his inconsistencies, in a work addressed to the public:† and Erasmus, in his apology, appears almost as zealous a defender of Luther's tenets, as he who broached them.‡ At the same time he behaved with equal insincerity to the Catholics; and thus his apologies, instead of exculpating only set his unsteadiness in a more unfavorable view.

But impiety took a still bolder flight, when he endeavored to weaken or elude all the proofs which the Scripture furnishes of the Divinity of JESUS CHRIST. This must appear at first sight, from his manner of explaining away the force of those passages where it is asserted. The Arians, therefore, of those times, looked on him as their chief; and Socinus, as one belonging to his sect. The ministers of Hungary, in their memorial to their king John, tell him, that Erasmus was the forerunner of their prophet Servetus: and the Arians of Poland and Transylvania replied to the Catholic missionaries, that they had received their opinions concerning the Trinity, and

* Zuingle. in art. 20. Friceius de Repub. Wolfius, tom. ii. p. 146, 147.

† Aspergines Huteni.

‡ Apolog. Senatui Argentin.

the second divine person, from no other source than the writings of Erasmus.*

After having employed his parts and learning against Religion; ridicule was the only remaining weapon with which he could attack her: and this he has done with an impiety, which, till then, had been unheard of. Every article of Christianity, those persons who have most honored it by their lives, the sacred mother of its author, the divine author himself, are set up, by this second Lucian, as objects of laughter and raillery, and exposed to the scorn of witlings and unbelievers:† and, for this reason, no works were ever more calculated to corrupt morals, to inspire irreligion and furnish her, if not with arguments, at least with cavils against all that is good and venerable.

I cannot dismiss this subject, though perhaps already too much lengthened out, without observing, that it is no wonder the motley and ambiguous principles of a late celebrated genius, which caused him to address the most daring infidel of the

age, as *his guide and philosopher*, should likewise have given him the same advantageous sentiments of Erasmus. Through this Egyptian darkness, he, who was to *virtue only and her friends a friend*, could descry *the good and injured man, the honest mean, the glory of that order of men to whom he belonged, and the great saint*; and has threatened those who modestly blamed some of his own unjustifiable expressions, to revenge himself on them, by writing the panegyric of their avowed enemy, in a language which was to extend farther than that of the *Essay on Criticism*.‡ Could there be any doubt concerning the principles of such a turn of mind, it is cleared up by the *Essay on Man*, which shews the poet's theology to have been congenial with that of his philosopher Bolingbroke, and his saint Erasmus. The harmony indeed of his numbers, charms away that offence, which the licentious phrase of the other two provokes; yet still the drift of the work, and the design of the artist, seem to have been the same through all three.

* Mémoires d'Hongrie. Provo. des nouv. Arri. à Erasme. F. Soc. Ep. ad. Fr. David. Possev. in Appar.

† Col. Peregr. Relig. ergò. Encomium Morie, sive Laus Stultitiæ.

‡ Essay on Criticism, by Mr. Pope. Letter 2d to the Hon. J. C., Esq.

TIME.

Lo ! on yon pyramid sublime,
Whence lies Old Egypt's desert clime,
Bleak, naked, wild ! where ruin low'rs
Mid fanes, and wrecks, and tumbling tow'rs !
On the steep height, waste and bare,
Stands the Pow'r with hoary hair !
O'er his scythe he bends ; his hand
Slowly shakes the flowing sand ;
While the Hours, an airy ring,
Lightly flit with downy wing,

And sap the works of man ; and shade
With silver locks his furrow'd head ;
Thence rolls the mighty Pow'r his broad
survey,
And seals the nations' awful doom :
He sees proud Grandeur's meteor ray ;
He yields to joy the festive day ;
Then sweeps the length'ning shade, and
marks them for the tomb.—OGILVIE.

A SERMON
ON THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CONTROVERSY,
PREACHED IN THE UNITARIAN CHURCH, WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 30TH, 1842.
BY S. G. BULFINCH.

JOHN viii. 7.—He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.

THE following Sermon, delivered by a Unitarian clergyman, comes, with great effect, from such a source. Our readers will be pleased to peruse in full the sentiments of a good and liberal man, who, though of a different creed from ourselves, disgusted at the attacks made upon us so publicly and unjustly, even in the pulpit, stands forth before his own congregation to repulse them, and vindicate the cause of Catholics, who have been the subject of long-existing prejudice, opposition, and even persecution. We give it entire, leaving the orthodox reader to distinguish the sound and excellent parts from others theologically objectionable. The author deserves the thanks of the Catholic body, especially at Washington:—

ACCUSTOMED as we are to view it as self-evident that every man has a right to the free possession of his own sentiments, it is hard for us to realize how peculiarly we are blessed in the acknowledgment of this principle among us, and what especial reason we have for gratitude to God on this account. The fact is, that this principle, now so universally admitted in our country, was not thought of for centuries, and is not at this day fully established in any land except our own. It is not

in England; for there all the community are still obliged to contribute for the support of one denomination. It is more nearly so in France; but a toleration which is founded on wide-spread skepticism, is very different from the calm consent of a great religious nation, to live together on terms of religious equality. We have to thank God for having given us this great blessing. It is peculiarly his work; for the entire separation made in our country between the church and state, resulted from circumstances which Divine Providence had wisely arranged. It would be too much to say that the enlightened men of our revolutionary era would not have established religious liberty of their own accord, had the choice been left to them, but the choice was not left to them. So many differences of belief then existed, that no one one sect could possibly have been connected with the government; and even a public declaration of Protestantism as the religion of the country, was prevented, happily, providentially prevented by the circumstance, that not only native Catholics had aided in achieving our independence, but that our chief ally was the first Catholic power in Europe. I say not that otherwise we should have had an established religion, a reigning sect. The whole mighty influence of such men as Washington, Adams, and Jefferson,

would have been exerted against such a proposal under any circumstances ; but the providence of God happily prevented the subject from being even a theme of discussion.

Here then, by the blessing of God, we enjoy religious liberty, an entire absence of interference on the part of government, in our religious opinions and modes of worship. Not even Christianity itself is established by law ; and never may it be established in any other way than by subjecting every heart to its influence ! Meantime, religion, thus left to take care of itself, has disappointed the predictions of our enemies, and quieted the fears of our friends ; has extended its churches and multiplied its adherents ; has engaged with unprecedented activity in works of practical moral improvement, and has sent forth treasure, bibles, and missionaries, to carry the glad tidings of salvation to heathen lands. The experiment of religious freedom works well ; and the world is beginning to perceive it. Other nations are preparing to follow our example ; and unless for our sins, and *by* our sins, our blessing be lost or abused, it appears probable that the honor is reserved for this country of having set an example of religious liberty, to be followed by the whole world.

But a treasure so precious must be guarded with care ; and especially from the complexity of interests which are combined in its defence, and from the sad testimony which history furnishes that the defenders of religious freedom at one moment have been too apt to become its betrayers at another. We are willing to think the best respecting all. But such is the natural love of power in man, so great is the importance which men attach to the progress of their own views, so difficult is it to appreciate the grand simplicity of our national scheme of religious lib-

erty, that we must consider its preservation as a duty, requiring for its fulfilment, watchfulness, calmness, energy, and prayer.

For several years past, much has been said of the rapid growth of Roman Catholic influence in our country. Many persons believing that influence to be hostile to liberty and true religion, have come forth in open and strong opposition to it. Discourses have been delivered, volumes published, even associations formed for the purpose of defending the principles of Protestantism, supposed to be in danger, and of attacking that which has been called the Man of Sin, the mysterious Babylon of the Revelations. The champions have not been wanting in the lion-like spirit of the early reformers. Some of us can testify, from what we have heard within a few days, to the learning and eloquence which have been engaged in the cause. And, having no reason to doubt the sincerity of those distinguished theologians who, on three successive evenings of the past week, have chosen this for their theme, we admire their talents and respect their zeal.

And yet the question cannot but occur to us, why is all this ? Why in civilized, free and peaceful America, where there is no inquisition, and where Romanism is decidedly in the minority, should the most powerful denominations be called on to unite in putting down one, whose members are as correct in their deportment as any of their fellow-citizens ? Why should the Papal Church alone be judged not from its present, but from its past character, while we readily draw the veil of charity over the errors and crimes of other denominations in days gone by ? Why, if the controversy must be waged, can it not be conducted, as other controversies are, upon grounds of doctrine, in-

stead of being almost exclusively confined to the much more irritating discussion of the actions of the church itself and of its members?

To myself, these questions have occurred with the more force, in consequence of the deep impression made by transactions of which I was, to some extent, a witness. Several years since I heard on a Sabbath evening, in Park-street Church, Boston, a discourse on this subject from one of the most able and influential divines of the present day. The impression produced by the discourse was not unlike that of the eloquent addresses to which you have this week listened. The same distinguished preacher had addressed two other audiences on the same day, upon the same subject. This was on Sunday. There then stood a Catholic convent within three miles of where the preacher addressed us. On the Tuesday night following, that convent was burnt to the ground, the peaceful females who inhabited the building, some of them in feeble health, roused at the dead of night, were driven forth with insult from their home—the very repose of the tomb was violated, and the sepulchre was rudely searched, in the hope of finding evidence that there might be rendered available against the occupants of the mansion. The poor Irish laborers of the vicinity, with their wives and children, fearing that the next blow would fall on them, fled from their homes, and passed successive nights in the open air. Never have I doubted that the discourse I heard, and such discourses, were among the chief causes of that most lamentable, most disgraceful event. And if now it needs any excuse that I raise my voice against what I consider persecution, the impressions produced by that occasion must serve the purpose.

The Charlestown convent riot is

not the only occurrence in the history of the past, which gives warning of the dangerous results that may occur from combined and long continued invective against an unpopular sect. What reader of English history knows not the name of Titus Oates? This man, in the reign of Charles II. invented the story of a plot among the Catholics, to murder that monarch, and seize the government of the kingdom. Popular rage was soon excited, and the courts gave it their sanction; the king, though himself more probably a Catholic in disguise than likely to be the victim of Catholics, had not principle and courage enough to stop the persecution; but when numbers of innocent victims had shed their blood, the nation started back, as the rays of returning common sense revealed the scene of destruction in which it had become engaged.

For another striking illustration of the evils resulting from the course of controversy, which I am now deprecating, let me refer you to the tumults excited in London by Lord George Gordon, in the latter part of the last century. There existed at that time in England certain test oaths, and other means of exclusion or oppression bearing hard upon the Roman Catholics—for the abolition of some of which the eloquent preacher of last Sabbath evening expressed his regret. The zealous Protestants began to fear that these restrictions upon their Catholic neighbors would be abolished. A proposition to that effect had been presented in parliament. A tumultuous assemblage of many thousands, led by Lord George Gordon, an insane nobleman, took upon themselves the defence of Protestantism. They attacked and destroyed the dwellings of numerous Catholics, as well as their places of worship, produced extensive conflagrations in

many parts of London, and after committing the greatest outrages and destroying many lives, were at length reduced to subjection only by a strong military force. So great was the emergency that the king himself, George III., firm and consistent Protestant as he was, was on the point of leading his own life-guards to the protection of his Catholic subjects, and the rescue of his capital city. Yet Lord George Gordon committed all his atrocities in the abused name of Protestantism, and under the influence of a similar excitement to that which has recently been attempted to be kindled here.

Of course I do not mean in this narration, to charge upon those who now oppose the Catholics, any intention or desire to resort to violent measures. But Lord George Gordon, when brought to trial, was acquitted, as he evidently had not directed or anticipated the evils resulting from his enterprise. It is much easier to kindle popular fury than to allay it.

But I shall be told that the rapid increase of Catholics in our land, and of the Catholic power throughout the world, requires that the great battle of the reformation be fought again. I shall be told, perhaps, that our liberties, civil as well as religious, are endangered by the efforts of the Romish church. The charge to which I refer was made most circumstantially in a work published some years since, entitled "Foreign Conspiracy against the United States." Much is said therein of the hatred felt to our institutions by the despots of Europe—of their plan to reduce us to the relinquishment of these institutions by converting us to popery, and of the great sums annually transmitted to the United States in aid of Catholic efforts, by

the St. Leopold Society in Austria, and other associations of a similar character.

I admit, in reply, that it is extremely probable that the Austrian government, which is stated to be the soul of this conspiracy, would hear with pleasure of our having adopted monarchical principles, or of our conversion to the Catholic faith. But if that government has indeed undertaken our reduction to slavery, we cannot but rejoice that it has adopted a method which sheds no blood, which contributes to enrich our country, which supplies however imperfectly the spiritual wants of a portion of our population, and which has, withal, so very slight a prospect of ultimate success. The American Almanac recently published, in what is confessedly "a vague estimate of the total number of people who are attached to the different religious persuasions," computes the Catholics at one million three hundred thousand, or about one thirteenth part of our population; but if we compare the more definite statistics of their churches and clergymen, we shall arrive at the conclusion that this estimate is much too high. The Roman Catholics have in the United States five hundred and forty-one churches—the various sects of Protestants about thirty thousand;* the Catholics have five hundred and sixty-two clergymen—the Protestants twenty-three thousand six hundred and sixty-one. The Protestant clergymen therefore outnumber the Catholic in the proportion of forty-two to one, and between the numbers of congregations the ratio is fifty to one.

A poet has said, justly or unjustly,—

"Seldom, alas! the power of logic reigns,
With much supremacy in royal brains;"

but the kingly conspirators of Eu-

* Computing the number of churches of the Methodist denomination, not given in

the estimate referred to, as equal to the number of their ministers.

rope must be of weaker heads than are commonly the portion, even of kings, if, under these circumstances, they expect to accomplish the speedy overthrow of our republic, by sending a few thousand dollars, or even a few millions, to build Catholic churches.

Their supposed scheme must appear still more chimerical, when we reflect that the rejection of republican institutions by no means follows as a necessary consequence upon the adoption of Catholic principles. I believe, indeed, that the Romish system is more congenial to despotism than to civil freedom. Yet it has coexisted with civil freedom, and for a length of time; and if the German sovereign were ignorant of this fact, he must have been illversed in the history of his imperial predecessors. Many and bitter were the 'proofs they received, that the Catholics in Switzerland and Italy knew and could defend their civil rights. In the middle ages, when monarchy overspread the rest of Europe, where were the republics? In Italy, the very centre of papal influence, and beneath the shelter of papal favor. The popes who ruled with an iron sceptre over kings, were on terms of amity with republicans. The same pope, Alexander III., who excommunicated an emperor and exacted menial service of a king, was the defender of the free states of Italy. Who knows not the fame of Florence, Genoa, and Venice? Who has not heard of the Swiss confederacy whose heroic age was before the Reformation? Who knows not of the Catholic republics of southern America?

In one point of view alone does it appear to me that this royal conspiracy, if it exists, presents occasion for alarm. It is, in the personal character of its agents in this country. Zeal, charity, and courtesy are dangerous weapons. But if so, they

are, thanks be to God, weapons from the armory of the gospel, and they are as accessible to Protestant as to Catholic. Let me then recommend to those who are alarmed at the progress of what they consider superstition, to try to excel the Catholics in works of usefulness and words of love. These means may convert them; harsh denunciation never can.

But is not papal Rome pointed out distinctly, in the prophetic language of the Word of God, as the Man of Sin, as Antichrist, as the Beast, and the abandoned woman of the seven hills? If it indeed be so, and if, as was asserted, a short time since by a very distinguished clergyman, there is, and always has been, but one opinion among all except Catholics on this subject, then indeed a strong justification would be found for the repetition of those awful warnings which are connected with these names of abomination in the sacred writings. But it may well occasion surprise that a divine so eminent as the gentleman to whom I refer, should have hazarded such an assertion, when Protestant commentators of the very first rank, and in no scanty number, explain these passages in a way entirely different. The expression, the Man of Sin, in 2 Thess. ii. 3, is understood by Hammond, to refer to Simon Magus—by Schoettgen, to the Scribes and Pharisees—by Grotius, to the emperor Caligula—and by Wetstein, to the emperor Titus. So, too, the accounts in the book of Revelations are considered by some of the very first authorities as having reference, not to papal Rome, but to heathen Rome. There is then, if these passages will bear such an explanation, reason for some caution, before we launch against the heads of peaceful fellow Christians, those thunderbolts that the reformers used more excusably in their great battle with the powers of this world.

But suppose it admitted that the application of these passages to the church of Rome is correct, is it against that city that divine vengeance is denounced—against the line of her pontiffs, considered as individuals, or against the immense multitudes of her communion, for a long period of time embracing nearly the whole of Christendom? No. If the church of Rome is denounced in scripture, it must be as embodying certain principles, corrupt, and of injurious tendency. Let us observe what these principles most fitly may be conjectured to be.

One of them we are at no loss to recognise in that spiritual tyranny which the Romish church exercised, and against which the reformers protested. That church allowed not to the people the right of private judgment. They were not permitted to examine for themselves, but every book which had a tendency contrary to the authority of the church, was strictly forbidden to be read. The clergy were represented as guides to whom the people were to look with profound deference; and the collective wisdom of the church itself was portrayed as absolutely infallible. Thus it was in the Romish church in the days of the reformation. Thus probably, with but little modification, is it at present. But, ere Protestants lift up against this spiritual assumption the voice of angry rebuke,—before they cast the first stone,—let them reflect whether they are in this matter without sin. Is freedom of inquiry countenanced among them? Are their people encouraged, we might almost ask are they permitted, to read the works or attend the preaching of those whose sentiments differ from their own? With the Catholic in old time it was enough to sanction the doctrine of the real presence, that the church had decided in its favor. "Presume not to reason," would he ex-

claim; "question not how the bread and wine can become the body and blood of Christ. It is a sacred mystery, and reason must be silent." Is no similar expedient for silencing investigation in use among Protestants? Is not the doctrine of the Trinity now defended in the same way in which the doctrine of transubstantiation was of old? Friends, when pastors cease to teach by authority, and instead thereof call upon their hearers, as the apostle did, to judge what they say, when the subterfuge of mystery is no longer allowed to shelter doctrines that cannot bear the light—when the people, instead of being warned against investigating sentiments that are supposed erroneous, are encouraged to prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good, then, and not till then, may the first stone be thrown at the spiritual despotism of the Romish church.

Among all the corruptions of that church in regard to doctrine, which have excited the zeal of her opponents, none appears to have attracted so much attention as the reverence paid to saints, which has been freely branded with the name of idolatry. This word is one, the application of which to any we would desire to avoid. Idolatry, among the Jews, was not only a religious error, but a political crime. It was treason against the divine sovereign of the state, and was therefore marked with a strength of reprobation which would never have attended it, had it only involved an error of opinion. No Christian, while he retains, as all do, the belief that there is but one God, can be guilty of idolatry, nor do we sanction the application of that charge to any; but so far as the Protestant is disposed to censure his Catholic brother for paying religious reverence to those who were once men like himself, let him pause and look into his own creed

and his own conduct. Let him remember the words of the blessed Jesus, "In that day ye shall ask me nothing," and let him well ascertain his authority for raising a second person to an equality with the Almighty Father, before he employs harsh and inappropriate terms of denunciation with reference to his fellow-Christians.

But the church of Rome, I shall be told, is marked with the stain of persecution. The correctness of this charge I am not disposed to deny. Far be it from me to justify or to gloss over the awful scenes of St. Bartholomew, or the bloody record of the fires of Smithfield, and the Autos da Fe in Spain. But here too we may apply the words of mercy with which the benevolent Saviour rescued the unhappy, the criminal, but perhaps already penitent woman who was brought before him: "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone at her." It was not only Catholics who kindled the fires of Smithfield. If there was a court of inquisition in Spain, there were tribunals, scarce less absolute, scarce less relentless, in Protestant England. The great reformer, Calvin, in denouncing the errors of Rome, had not so far lost its spirit but that he could procure the death, amidst the flames, of the unfortunate Servetus; and if Cranmer with noble courage could go forth himself to martyrdom, we must not forget that he had himself extorted from his weeping sovereign the death-warrant of the Maid of Kent. The fact is, that when the reformation took place, the principles of religious liberty, and of the injustice and folly of persecution, were not understood by any party. These principles were indeed involved in the reformation itself, but they were not fully developed nor recognised. And as persecution disappeared in Protestant lands, so too, though perhaps

not with equal rapidity, did it pass away even in Catholic countries. Where in Europe does the inquisition exist now? Possibly, in name it still has a being; but if so, it is in name alone. And whatever may be said of the infallibility claimed for the church of Rome by her adherents, it is impossible that the age of inquisitions and Autos da Fe should return. The alliance between religion and murder is broken; and it never, we may well trust in God, can be renewed. But is there no persecution except by the gibbet, the axe and the faggot? Is it impossible for persecution to be exercised even in this country, and by Protestants? My brethren, whoever speaks or even thinks the worse of another on account of a conscientious difference of belief, is so far a persecutor. Fellow-Protestants, let us take care that the charge rest not against us. Let us not willingly cast the first stone, lest it be found that we are not ourselves without sin.

If our religious liberties are indeed endangered, it is from a source far different from that respecting which so much dread is entertained. It is the combination of numerous powerful sects, to put down one which is obnoxious to them all. I speak not of conspiracies; I do not believe that they exist. But he who has the least penetration may discern an extensive combination of this kind, commenced at first with the purest motives and for the noblest purposes, and only now beginning to direct its strength against a Christian enemy, under the specious rallying word of Protestantism. First the Catholics are to be put down. Who doubts where the next blow will fall? Who knows not, that next to "Popery," the cry will be "Socinianism?"

I may seem severe. Once more I disclaim the intention of charging on any man or body of men a *design*

against our religious liberties. But the acquisition of ecclesiastical power goes on frequently without design. The pope, whose influence is now dreaded on this opposite side of the world, was at first but the clergyman of a church in Rome; and his earliest accessions of authority were but the tribute of respect due, perhaps, to the virtues of the individual, or thought to be suitable to his station in the metropolis; and though at length a systematic plan of aggrandizement was undoubtedly adopted, yet incidental circumstances perfected that plan far more than any design on the part of the pontiffs themselves. In speaking of the tendency observable in some denominations among us, I refer to what circumstances are doing for them, co-operating with their own well-meant and honest zeal. And yet, well-meant and honest as their efforts are, it is possible that they may, before they are themselves aware, be led to measures of an oppressive character towards others, to the disturbance of that perfect equality of rights, which is the common safeguard of us all.

There is a persecution of the tongue and of the press, far more injurious to individual feeling, than even legal restrictions. Let this be banished. Let Christian sects no longer express towards each other emotions of jealousy and hatred, unworthy of their high profession, and of the Saviour whom they unite in honoring. I do not say that it is desirable to abolish controversy. Controversy, in the better sense of the term, or in other words, the fair expression of differing opinions, with the reasons on which they are founded, is not only unavoidable, but actual of use, in leading to the more thorough examination of the divine records, and in turning the thoughts of many towards religion, who may afterwards become accessible to its

higher influences. But in such controversies there need not be any thing of bitterness; nor is it in discussions of this kind, that the proverbial "theological hatred" generally appears. That is where sects are contending for power or wealth; where the favor of the community, and with it the prizes sought by ambition or avarice, are the objects of pursuit. And it appears, too, when, forgetting the humility which becomes their own imperfect knowledge, Christians dare to arraign each other's motives, and usurp to themselves the prerogative of Him, who is alone the searcher of hearts. Let this bitterness of controversy be done away. Already, in some degree, it has yielded before the increasing light, and more perfectly developed Christianity of the age. In mutual good feeling, Christians will find a better security for their religious liberties, than in jealousy of each other's efforts, or of imaginary foreign interference. Nor ought that good feeling to be diminished, if we witness the zealous and successful efforts of our brethren who differ from us. What if the Catholic be exerting himself for the prosperity of his church? Can we censure conduct in him, which is precisely analogous to what we wish to promote in ourselves? What if the Calvinist be expending his possessions and exposing his life in heathen lands, to disseminate a system of faith which appears to us in some respects erroneous? Shall the difference of our views prevent us from appreciating his motives and honoring his zeal? And, brethren of other sentiments, let me add, what if the Unitarian be exposing himself to the obloquy attending his unpopular system, because he sincerely believes that his system is true, and that it is making men better and preparing them for heaven? Can you with consistency, refuse to own

him, as actuated by the same motives with yourselves, a servant of the same Lord, and engaged in the same cause?

My brethren, it is our simple faith, that Christ, the Son of God, came to make men *good*. To us, therefore, points of speculative belief appear far less important than to most of our fellow Christians. Wherever we see practical piety in the life, we recognise the individual as a child of God and a disciple of Christ, whether he be Catholic, Calvinist, or Universalist. Let our conduct correspond to our principles. We are and must be a distinct sect, if only for the plain reason, that other sects disown us. We are, or

ought to be, active in promulgating our opinions, because we have seen the blessed influences of those opinions, and feel it our duty to impart them to others. But of all mankind, we shall be least excusable for the sin of bigotry, if, with our view of Christian truth, that foul stain be found in us. Thanks be to God, if by his grace—not certainly by our superior wisdom or merit—we have been freed from any of those influences which sometimes lead the wise and the pious to uncharitableness. Let us stand fast then in this liberty, wherewith Christ has made us free, and see that we be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage to the spirit of religious discord.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

ON THE DEATH OF BISHOP DUBOIS.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

A REQUIEM for the dead! But let no strain
Of human sorrow mingle with the song.
Though death is here, we come not to complain
As if his servant God repaid with wrong.

For who the captive mourns that bursts his chain?
Or who the exile to his home returned?
Or who, with tears of earthly grief, would stain
The sacred spot that hath a saint inurned?

One has departed from among us, whom
The good of every name did reverence; yet

Who loved him most are gathered round his tomb
With hearts still strong in hope, and eyes unwet.

For know they not that he, whom men miscall
The king of terrors, is an angel sent
To break the bonds of those who pine in thrall,
And bring God's children home from banishment ?

But, though departed, shall his memory still
Linger upon our hearts, like that sweet light
Which falls so tenderly on stream and hill,
When its bright source is lost to mortal sight.

He came a messenger of peace to those
Whose bosoms had been rent with maddening strife ;
To soothe the troubled spirit to repose,
And feed the hungry with the bread of life.

He came the galling fetters to unbind
Of them who captive were to death's dark king ;
To sow those seeds in the uncultured mind,
From which a glorious harvest yet shall spring.

He lived to do his Master's bidding ; and,
Having in all His holy will obeyed,
He dropped the crosier from his trembling hand,
And from his weary head the mitre laid ;

And passed unto his rest. And while we gaze
On the poor form where dwelt his spirit erst,
The song of joy, that choirs angelic raise
O'er the redeemed, upon his ear hath burst !

FROM THE BAY STATE DEMOCRAT.

REV. DR. MATIGNON.

THERE are many among us who remember well the features, the mild virtues and eminent Christian character of Bishop Cheverus, who formerly resided in our midst, and who afterwards was called to France, and died a Cardinal of the Catholic Church.

There are less, however, who can recollect his excellent colleague and predecessor, Dr. Matignon, who for the period of twenty-six years subsequent to 1792, resided in Boston, and gave character and distinction to the Catholic Church at that early period, when prejudice soared so high, and practical toleration was so limited and undefined. For over twenty years, he was the associate of Bishop Cheverus, and much resembled him in genius, scholarship, and those congenial pursuits and Christian graces of character, which secured such strong love and attachment from their flock, and had such a beneficial effect on the interests of religion generally.

Dr. Francis A. Martignon was a native of France, and was born in Paris, November 10, 1753. He died in Boston, September 19, 1818. His devotion to the subject of letters, his piety, and amiable disposition, were early and conspicuously shown, both in classical literature and in theology; and he was at an early age a priest, and afterwards admitted a licentiate of the church. Subsequent to this he received the degree of doctor of divinity from the College of Sorbonne, and in 1785 was appointed Royal Professor of Divinity in the College of Navarre. Soon after this period, the bloody

scenes of the French revolution commenced, and he was forced to flee as an exile from France, first to England, and then, to the United States. Landing at Baltimore in 1792, he was immediately appointed by Bishop Carroll over the Catholic Church in this city.

In this capacity he was well known to the city of Boston. Accomplished in manners, accustomed to all the elegances and refinements of life of the nobility and court of France, he could yet mix with the humblest and lowest members of his pastoral charge, enter into all their feelings, understand all their troubles and privations; and was ever ready to soothe the afflicted, and administer to the necessities of "him that was ready to perish." His mind was sound, and of the most vigorous character; his learning was extensive, deep, and minute; his knowledge of theology and polemics singularly profound and varied; and all united with a powerful imagination, logical precision and accuracy, and a disposition child-like and blameless. His religion, though founded upon the most beautiful elements of theoretical divinity, and a sweet and elevated conception of the character of God, was eminently practical and active in the daily walks of life. Theory and practice in him were clearly mingled, and shone out in a life of constant beneficence and charity.

On his settling in Boston, there was much more of prejudice and bigotry towards the Catholic faith than now; owing to the closer affinity of the people to the thoughts,

feelings, and notions of the Pilgrim age, when our ancestors, who had truly suffered much from religious persecution and intolerance, felt quite sure that no good thing could come out of Nazareth. It was for Dr. Matignon, by his piety, learning, suavity, and humility of manners, to disarm such prejudices as these, and by his practical goodness of life, show to them and the world, that true religion is not confined to sect, creed, or country.

He labored long and arduously among his people, in the abodes of

misery and want, often, among the remote Indian tribes of Maine, when the country was new, and access to it almost impossible, and at last died in peace and serenity, away from the kindred and home of his fathers, but in the midst of his weeping flock, who felt that they had lost a father and a friend. He died universally lamented; but the mantle of sacred duty fell upon one who was like him in life, and who resembled him in going to his rest, after a life of devotion to the best interests of morality and religion.

FATHER HENRY GARNET'S PROTEST
OF HIS INNOCENCE OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT,

ADDRESSED TO THE PRIVY COUNCIL, NOVEMBER 30, 1605.

The original is partly written in F. Garnet's hand, and partly in F. Richard Blount's.

MY VERY HONORABLE GOOD LORDS,—After twenty years almost complete in this employment, (of a missionary,) by the appointment of God and my superiors; being newly charged, as I understand, with this late most horrible attempt as if I had been accessary thereunto; and in particular had to such intent given the most holy sacrament to six of the confederates, at the undertaking so bloody an enterprise; I humbly crave your honors' patience, if, for the honor of God and of the Catholic cause, and particularly of the order of which I am a member, and have in this kingdom some special charge, I say somewhat with all

possible brevity for my just purgation, though, as I hope, this my disgrace ariseth rather of calumnious reports than of any material accusation. If therefore it may please his majesty and your honors to afford the credit of an honest man hitherto by God's grace unstained, unto a Catholic religious priest, tied by vow of obedience to his general and to the pope, even in this particular case; one also who hopeth for everlasting salvation, and dreadeth the most strict and severe judgment of Almighty God. By these titles, bonds, hopes, and fears, I protest, that howsoever in spiritual matters and acts of charity which I've to af-

ford to all sorts, some of this unfortunate company may chance to have had my help and assistance, yet in this enterprise, as unfit for me to deal in as it was bloody in itself, they never made me privy, much less asked my consent to their purposes. To this testimony of God, which is the greatest that possibly can be found or imagined, I add a most excellent witness on earth, which is the Pope himself, who very well knoweth, and, I doubt not, will testify, if need be, that I procured an *express prohibition* of all unquietness upon occasion of Watson's plot and other fears, which were here divulged by the most reverend arch-priest, and I thereupon certified his Holiness, and assured him of all quietness of Catholics in general, in respect that no public tumult could be intended but some of us might know it, and so by all possible means hinder it. But because in so afflicted a number, it were to be feared, that some private persons, forgetting all Christian patience and longanimity, as experience of other countries besides our own hath taught us, might break out into fury, I wished a *prohibition under censures*, of all violence towards his majesty or his officers, reputing it as a great stay to all Catholics from such outrages, if such things might be hidden from us, or other quiet persons, especially reverend priests, and therefore not possible to be hindered by any industry of our own, were avoided by terror of dying in the most horrible estate of *excommunication*, to their utter perdition of body and soul, of whatever conspirators. And this my motion, I doubt not, but will take good effect hereafter by occasion of this late conspiracy. That it was not done before, it is like the only cause hath been, either want of time, or hope of due regard of all Catholics to the *bare commandment* of so eminent a person in all Christianity.

And I will here for the next testimony of my clearness and innocence in the third place, allege so many witnessess as there are Catholics that I have conversed withal. They will, I am assured, all testify how carefully I have inculcated this commandment of his Holiness upon every occasion of speech; whereof I will infer, that it is no way probable in ever so prejudiced a judgment, that the authors of this conspiracy durst acquaint me or any of mine, with their purposes; knowing both this contrary commandment, and the special account, which, above all other virtues, we make of holy obedience. And I may very well say, with St. Paul, "*Si enim quæ destruxi, iterum hæc ædifico, prævaricatorem me constituo.*" (Gal. ii. 18.) The fourth argument of my innocency shall be, not so much a testimony as a challenge. Let the rack tortures, let the confessions of the conspirators, yea, let all our greatest adversaries utter what they can for my accusations; and yet I know my innocency in any thing spoken or done, ever since the first entrance of his majesty's reign, can never be blemished. And if in any point there may be the least doubt, I humbly beseech your honors to suspend your censures, till I, knowing the exceptions against me, may, with mine unfeigned integrity, freely clear myself to the satisfaction of all men of honor and wisdom.

These former arguments being of that nature and power as may well convince even the most wilful spirits, either of too much malice or ignorance in their uncharitable surmises against us, yet let me, I beseech you, add some few more, which are so probable, that in a moral matter as this is, they make a moral kind of certainty. It is not unknown what affection and love, we and all our society have ever borne to his majesty's royal person, parents and issue,

and for mine own particular, how I behaved myself at his first entrance into this realm, and in the furtherance of peace with princes abroad ; in which two points it may be better privately spoken than committed to paper : how well have I deserved in the conspiracy of Watson, (my name and others being *falsely* used for to move divers confederates.) By my special diligence divers were delivered out of the trap. In Wales, though the matter was not such as was feared, yet I suppose my admonitions were not unfruitful. In this most horrible furnace prepared for the best part of the realm ; besides the king's own person, the queen and the two princes, there would have been included divers lords and ladies, and others of special account, so highly honored and affected by me, that I would rather have, for every one severally, lost my life a thousand times, than to have permitted their hazard. And finally, that I may say nothing of the disgrace of our whole society with foreign princes, if we had been faulty, these bloody matters, or any matters of war or state, are so repugnant to priestly or religious profession, that we ought all to remember upon what occasion our Saviour said to his disciples, "*Nescitis cujus Spiritus estis.*" (Luke, ch. 9. v. 55.) And if we neglect this, there want not severe censures of holy church and of our society to testify, bridle and contain us from the transgression of our duties in such degree. And for six

of them receiving at my hands, &c., I think I never saw six of them together in my life ; and in such conspiracies never any thing was heard of to be done publicly, with kissing of the sacrament, or vowing, or such like, as ridiculously some imagine ; so that in case any of them used my help in sacraments, I notwithstanding do truly say, in a like case with Achimeleck, "*Non scivi servus tuus quicquid super hoc negotio, nec modicum nec grande.*"* (1 Samuel, 22 ch. 15 v.)

Thus, my very good lords, amongst many things which I could allege for my innocence, I have briefly, but with all sincerity of unfeigned love to his majesty, set down these few ; and with the same sincerity and purity of mind, I humbly offer unto him all fidelity and loyalty, both for myself and all others, who are under my charge ; assuring him and also your lordships, that we will in prayers, examples, actions, exhortations, and whatsoever labors he will impose upon us, seek with all our endeavor to preserve and increase the temporal and everlasting felicity of him and his royal queen and issue. And thus I humbly take my leave, desiring Almighty God to bring us once to meet together, where we may incessantly praise the king of kings, and live together for everlasting ages.

Your lordships' most humble and devoted beadsman,

H. G.

On St. Andrew's-day, Nov. 30, 1605.

* This he might assert with a safe conscience, according to the maxim attributed to St. Augustin, "*Quæ per confessionem*

scio minus scio, quam quæ nescio." Read the life of St. John Nepomucen, 16th May, in Butler's Saints Lives.

FROM THE LONDON CATH. MAGAZINE.

SUN OF GLORY.

STARS of glory ! shine more brightly,
 Purer be the moonlight's beam !
 Glide ye hours and moments lightly,
 Swiftly down Time's deepening stream.

Bring the hour that banished sadness,
 Brought redemption down to earth ;
 When the shepherds heard with gladness
 Tidings of a Saviour's birth.

See a beauteous angel, soaring
 In the bright celestial blaze ;
 On the shepherds, low adoring,
 Rest his mild effulgent rays :

Fear not, cries the heavenly stranger,
 HIM whom ancient seers foretold,
 Weeping in a lowly manger,
 Shepherds ! haste ye to behold.

See the shepherds quickly rising,
 Hastening to the humble stall,
 And the new-born Infant prizing,
 As the mighty Lord of all !

Lowly now they bend before him,
 In this helpless infant state,
 Firmly faithful they adore him,
 And his greatness celebrate.

Hark ! the swell of heavenly voices,
 Peals along the vaulted sky,
 Angels sing while earth rejoices,
 Glory to our God on high !

Glory in the highest heaven,
 Peace to humble men on earth ;
 Joy to these and bliss is given,
 In the great Redeemer's birth.—F. C. H.

ERRATUM.

In the Latin poetry, page 209, line 6, instead of—

Read— “ Longinquum, et mentem Hybernes subibit imago,”
 Longinquum, mentemque subibit Hybernæ imago.



Simpson Pinxt.

Parker

+ Samuel Archbp. Balt.

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